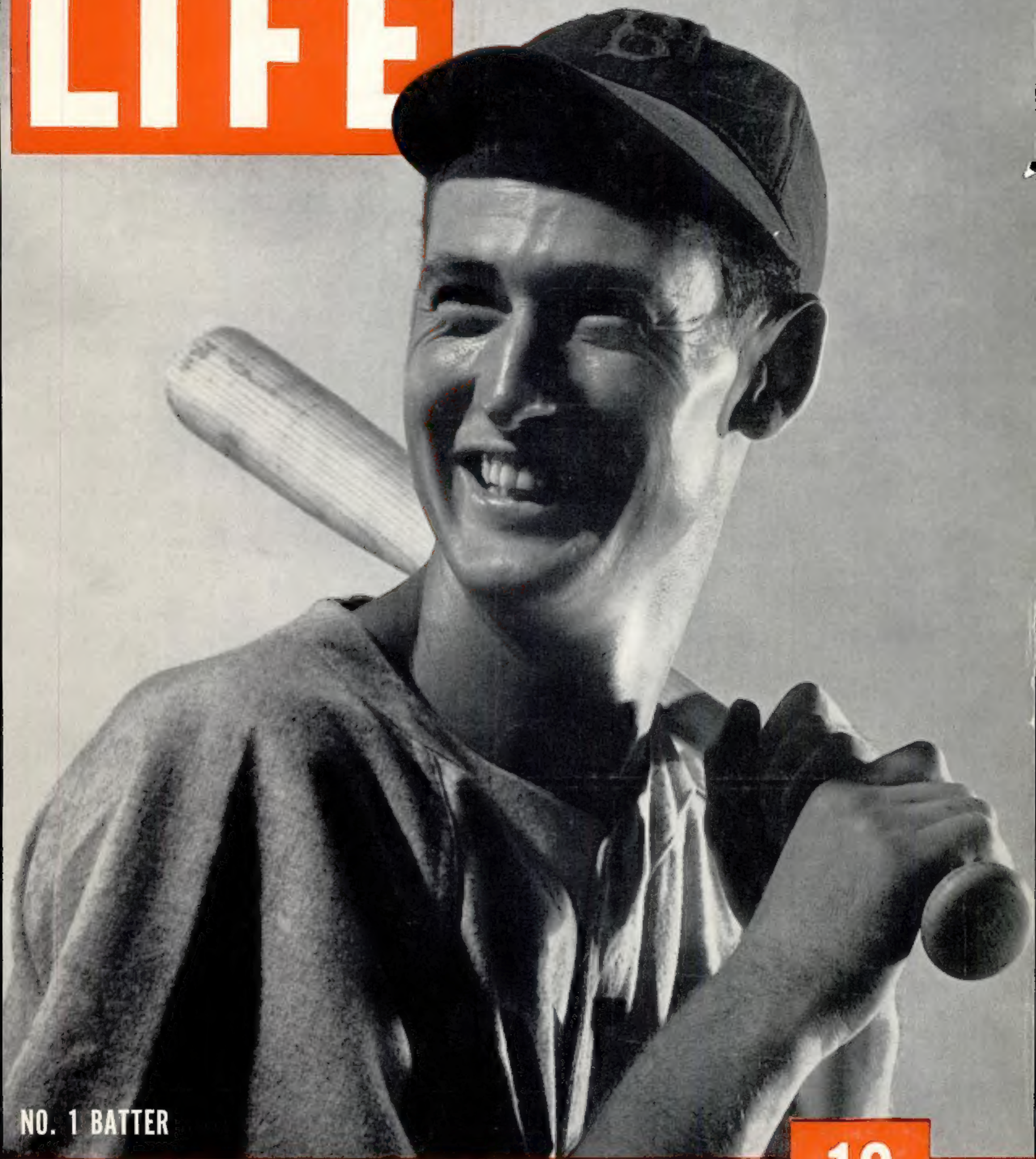


LIFE



NO. 1 BATTER

SEPTEMBER 1, 1941

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

THE STORY OF TWO RINGS AND ONE HUSBAND



DU PONT

"Cellophane" is a trade-mark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.)

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In a recent survey
87% of the HOUSEWIVES interviewed
said: "WE PREFER BAKERY PRODUCTS
PROTECTED BY 'CELLOPHANE'!"

"Is this why they call it Labor Day, Daddy?"



FATHER: *Quiet, wise guy, or you can do this job yourself!*

MOTHER: *He'll do no such thing! It's all your fault. You should have listened to that garage man. You should have done what he said. You should have switched to Goodrich. You...*

FATHER: *Uh... ah...*

MOTHER: *There you go again. Always arguing!*

★ ★ ★

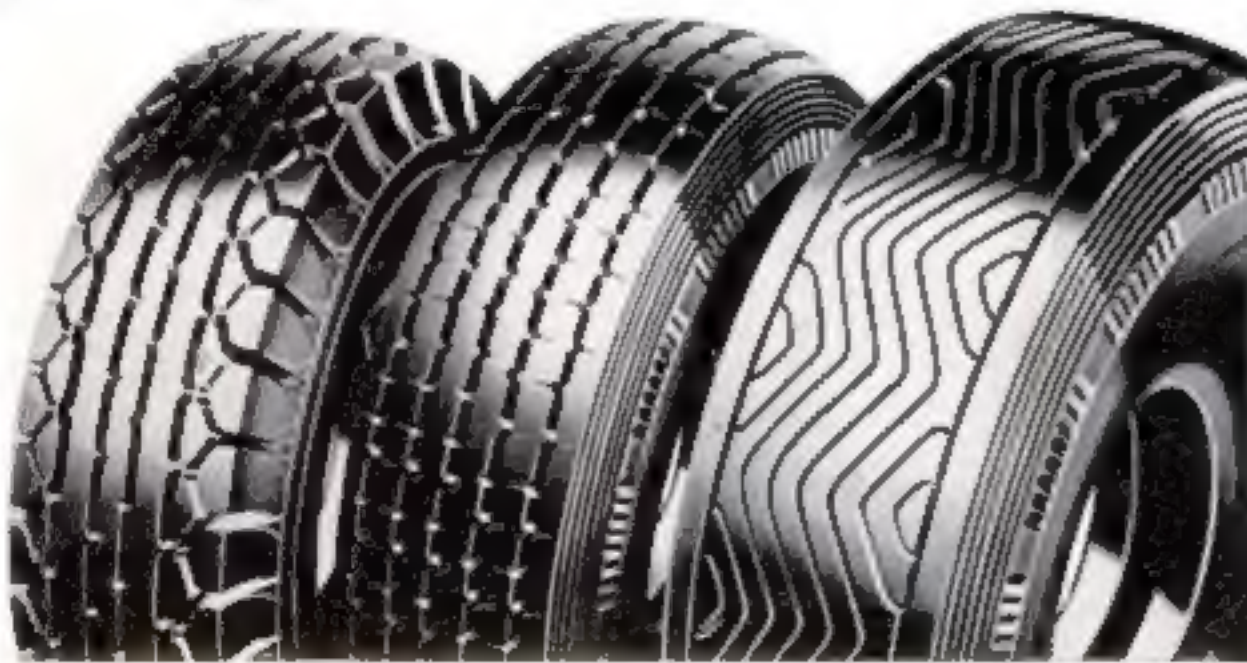
See the new

SILVERTOWNS

(Left) **SAFETY SILVERTOWN.** Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center) **DELUXE SILVERTOWN.** Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right) **LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN.** No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than the original Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



HERE'S AN ARGUMENT you can't lose: any car that's good enough to carry you and your family around deserves the protection of Silvertown tires. They'll guard against blow-outs and skids. And they'll pile up extra miles for you, too.

Extra mileage comes natural

to Silvertowns. It's built right into every one of them. Because they're all made with Duramin—the amazing "tire vitamin" that puts new fight and life in rubber and keeps it there longer. Duramin gives every Silvertown *more safe miles.*

You can't even guess how much

it may cost to ride around on worn, unsafe tires. But you know that Silvertown prices are low right now. Trade-in allowances are high. And, if you'd rather not pay cash, all B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the budget plan.

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.

CARBON BLACK TREAD, a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.

DURAMIN, the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.



How to make a bright child brighter



ON the face of it, it just doesn't seem possible that a *machine* can improve your youngster's ability to think.

But the results of thousands upon thousands of tests made with school children and college students clearly prove that a portable typewriter *can*.

For instance: These and other tests show that youngsters who do their work on typewriters think faster and more clearly, concentrate better, average 17% *more* homework, 10% to 30% *higher* grades, in many subjects!

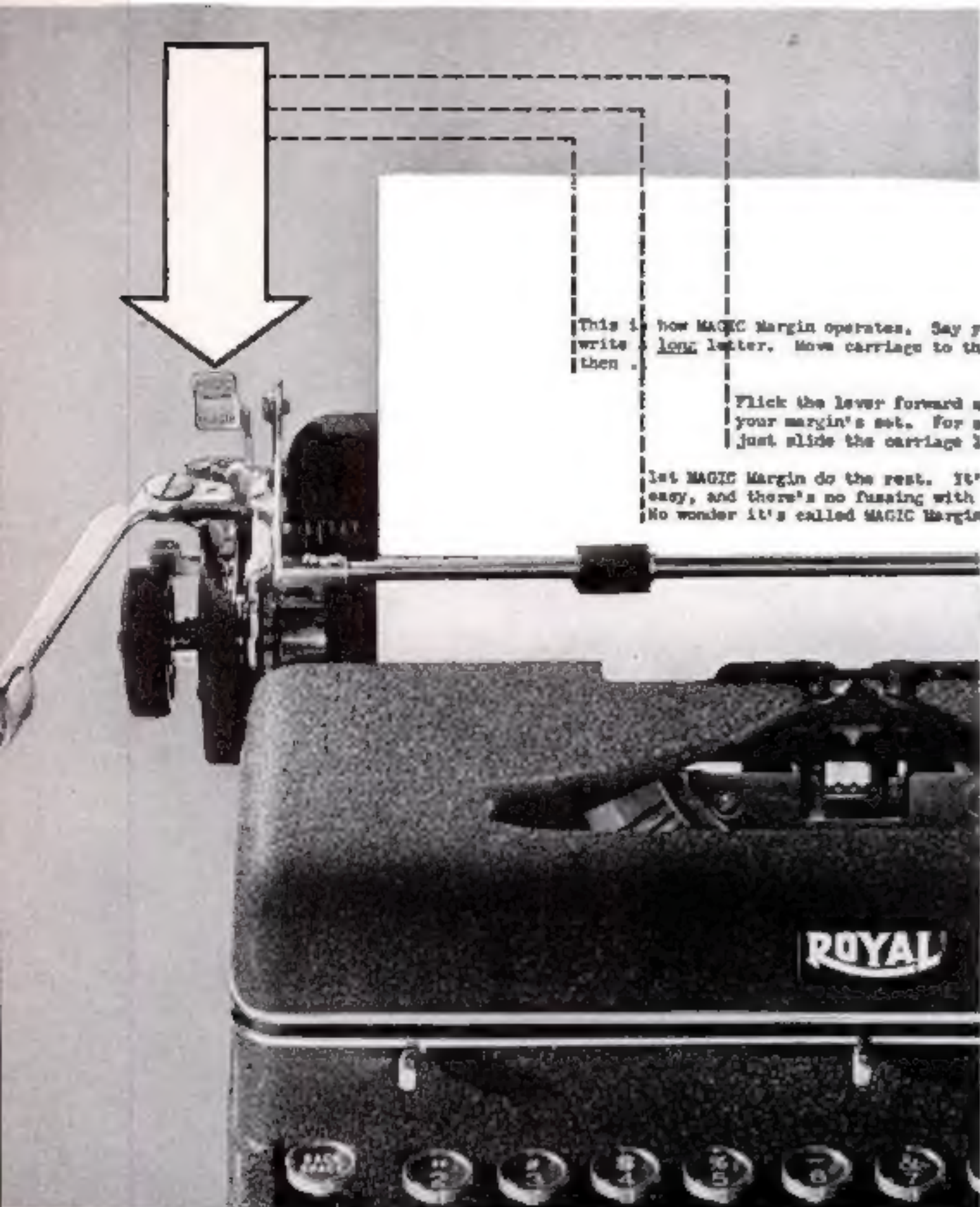
Amazing, yes. But understandable, when you consider that the tedious chore of writing makes homework very real drudgery for your young-

ster—just as it causes *you* to put off answering letters. The greater speed and ease of typing give wings to his imagination . . . spur on his thoughts . . . allow him to concentrate on the work itself, rather than on its *execution*!

Give your youngster the *best* Portable made—the Royal! Let this be the year you made a bright child *brighter*. And gave him that invaluable asset for whatever profession or career he may enter in later years—a knowledge of typing!

Royal, you know, is that Portable which so closely resembles a standard office machine that typing teachers recommend it for home use. It's the one on which the world's Portable speed record was made—the Championship won!





ONLY ROYAL HAS MAGIC* Margin! The three different margins on the typewritten sheet above were made by simply moving the carriage to the margin desired and flicking the MAGIC* Margin lever. No fussing with mechanism—just, *click* . . . and it's set!

Segment Shift—Lets the carriage ride smoothly along, without popping up and down every time you shift. Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

Touch Control*—Simply move the lever to adjust key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only Royal has it!



"BIG-MACHINE" KEYBOARD—In the picture above, see how the Royal Portable keyboard (right) is just like that on the standard office machine. This is important, because you can switch to a regular office typewriter at will! Royal Portables are priced from \$44.50 to \$64.50.

No Type-bar Blur! Type bars flash unseen on a Royal. This, and the overall "no glare" finish, mean less eyestrain.

Automobile-type Shock Absorbers—Suction-cup feet and jar-proof construction give the Royal Portable its "weighty," big-machine touch.



With the ingenious "Self-Teacher" that comes with every Royal, the average youngster readily learns to type faster than he can write. Even a 10-year old can learn the touch system in a matter of hours through its use! Only Royal has it!



Airplane-luggage case with Royal Quiet De Luxe Model (\$64.50). This is the model with super-silent operation. Its brass-fitted, leather-bound case compares with the smartest luggage available! (A durable, handsome case included at no extra cost with every Royal.)

ROYAL PORTABLE

**THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER
IN PORTABLE SIZE**

For no more than it costs to rent one, you can own a Royal Portable! And, remember, the whole family will benefit from its use. Dad, in his personal business. Mother, in her correspondence and club work. And your local dealer is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy-payment plan which includes the small carrying charge. Send this coupon for a free home trial!

Royal Typewriter Co., Inc., Dept. L-91,
2 Park Avenue, New York City

I should like a free trial of a Royal Portable, at no obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

This One



OPDZ-29C-NTEX



TAKE A TIP FROM ME:

don't let **double O**
do you out of romance

"IT SEEMED almost like love at first sight when I filled in on a date with a dashing young flier. But what an awakening I got when I overheard him say: 'Next time, Ted, don't stick me with a gal who has the "Double O." Ellen's nice, but when she opens her mouth, I long for the open sea. She's got double trouble.'"

Sister, your charms don't mean very much if you're careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). It's the double offense that can come between you and many a good time!

So, why not use the delightful double precaution so many popular girls insist on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's made especially for the beauty and brilliance of your smile. It's a special, new formula which does a really remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing

cloudy, loose deposits.

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is the result of 8 years' work on the part of skilled experts. Many girls say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

For the breath, it's Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to put your best foot forward, don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start right in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine for a sweeter breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the double precaution
against **double O**
Offensive Breath
Offensive looking Teeth

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

New Pin-up Queen

Sirs:

Dropping comparatively plain Dorothy Lamour to rank of mere lady-in-waiting, *LIFE* (Aug. 11) definitely establishes a new queen of Army pin-up girls.

Henceforth our bugler agrees to blow reveille 15 minutes late, giving us more time to dream of Rita Hayworth.

PFC. HOWARD A. FLEMING
(dreamer)

PVT. HAROLD D. GANN (bugler)
P.S. Wow!
Fort Warren, Wyo.

Sirs:

Wow!

GENE M. KRONBERG
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Wow!!!

GEORGE A. KIMBALL
Kearny, N. J.

Sirs:

The picture on page 33 of your Aug. 11 issue is, in my opinion, the best I have seen of that type of photography. The subject stands out clearly, the posture is simple and graceful and the background is not ornate.

G. P. MAGNITZKY
Boston, Mass.



THE CANSINOS

Sirs:

Auent the display of the merits of Rita Hayworth. I think that in this and in your other photo-summations of this endowed lady you have neglected what every Kentuckian knows: it's the breed, sir, the pedigree.

I recollect a triumph of my infancy, when (in a spot on the old Interstate two-a-day) my admiration was so rancorously enthusiastic that the Cansinos obliged with a second encore.

Couldn't you dig up a photograph of the Cansinos? Memory fades, and I should appreciate it much.

E. D. BRANCH
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● Rita Hayworth, nee Cansino, appears in picture above, with Grandfather Antonio (left) and her father Eduardo, before Hollywood debut.—ED.

Russia

Sirs:

I quote from *LIFE*, Aug. 11: "Miss Bourke-White last week became the first American photographer to take Josef Stalin, when the No. 1 Communist received Harry Hopkins in the Kremlin."

Herewith reminded, I am sure *LIFE*'s editors will recall that I was "the first American photographer to take Josef Stalin" on April 12, 1932.



PRE-REVOLUTION GROCERY

Miss Bourke-White herself would have corrected that, and gladly, because she could never forget how gallantly I



ABBE'S 1932 STALIN

gave up my berth to her on the train from Dneprostro to Moscow, in 1932.

JAMES ABBE

Sheridan, Wyo.

● *LIFE* gladly prints the first picture of Stalin taken by a U.S. photographer, James Abbe (see cut).—ED.

Sirs:

For fifteen years I have been wondering why the Russian women in pictures were all the sloppy peasant type. Imagine my shock on viewing your last issue.

Have we American males been under the influence of anti-Russian propaganda before or were the clean, intelligent persons shown to the American public for the first time in *LIFE* deliberately collected as more Communist propaganda? As you know, one of the best ways to win a person's sympathy is through attractive persons of the opposite sex.

MARCUS A. MCCOY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Moscow Grocery

Sirs:

Margaret Bourke-White's picture of Moscow's biggest grocery looked strangely familiar to me. I had seen the same store on page 161, volume eight of Burton Holmes Travelogues copyrighted in 1910. There could not be two stores like that one!

Obviously Moscow's grocery has not been subject to the changes the rest of the city has undergone. The decorations and the counters are the same, and even the stock on the shelves is arranged in the same manner. I don't seem to be able to find the bearded men.

JOHN ALLISON
Kingsville, Texas

● Soviet leaders are proud that the 1910 and 1941 grocery stores (below) are one and the same. The official English language propaganda magazine, *U. S. S. R. in Construction*, August 1938, says of the changes wrought by revolution: "Gastronom No. 1, formerly Elisseyev's, once entered almost exclusively to the wealthy. Today its customers are workers or public employees, people who in the old days usually purchased "on the book" in wretched groceries and chandler shops in city slums and outskirts, and were in debt to the dealers from one end of the week until the other."—ED.



POST-REVOLUTION GROCERY

(continued on p. 67)

**THE LEATHER
IS THERE IN
EVERY PAIR**

...THAT'S WHY PETERS SCHOOL SHOES "MAKE THE GRADE" for better fit and longer wear

Pick up any shoe and examine it. What you *see* is leather. You buy, *thinking* you are getting all-leather construction. *But are you?* You can't always see the *vital parts* of a shoe—because they are *hidden*. To give you best value, these vital parts *should be* all leather.

You want leather because leather holds its shape . . . leather is not quickly warped by wear, weather, and water . . . leather helps mold and develop growing feet as nature intended . . . leather allows feet to "breathe" . . . leather gives lastingly better fit, retains stylish lines, wears longer, and *costs you less in the long run*. In forty-eight years, we have found no substitute "just as good."

To be sure of getting all leather (not paper or fiberboard) in children's shoes, insist that the name *Peters Weather-Bird or Diamond Brand* be stamped in the shoe. Either name guarantees that no paper or fiberboard is used in the vital parts. It means the price is always fair . . . the value always *there*. Peters, Branch of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.



In the long run, Peters children's shoes wear longer...cost you less.

This is your assurance of
**ALL LEATHER
IN VITAL PARTS***



A—Leather counters resist twist, warp, or breakdown
B—Leather heel bases withstand wet weather
C—Leather insoles provide an enduring foundation—permit resoling again and again



* Counters, insoles, and heel bases

Peters
**WEATHER-BIRD
& DIAMOND BRAND**
Shoes FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



* Counters, insoles, and heel bases



THINGS DO CHANGE! Today, it's the *cigar* that makes the man... that wins the girl. Especially if it's a Blackstone... the cigar that makes you feel like a millionaire and

make a hit like a millionaire... almost. Yes, today, it's your "front" that gets you places. So switch to Blackstone Cigars—the choice of successful men. *See what happens!*

NEW BLACKSTONE CIGAR OFFERS 17% EXTRA SMOKING!

"Like getting a cigar free with every six,"
say delighted smokers everywhere.



17% Extra Smoking!

No wonder this new Blackstone Londres-Extra is winning new thousands of smokers from coast to coast! It gives 17% extra smoking. Compared to the regular Londres, that's just like getting a 10-cent cigar free with every six you buy. Same finest long-leaf all-Havana filler. And still only 10¢. Smoke a Blackstone Londres-Extra today!



SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE...

You can't miss on these values, men! Look! Blackstone Perfecto, 2 for 25¢. Blackstone Londres-Extra, 10¢. Blackstone Cabinet, 10¢. Blackstone Panetela, 2 for 15¢. Blackstone Junior, 5¢. All filled with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco grown in all Cuba. Treat yourself to a Blackstone Cigar today!

WAITT & BOND, INC.
310 Sherman Avenue
Newark, N. J.

Better Switch to Blackstone Cigars... the choice of successful men

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Mathematical Detective

Sirs:

Re: the winter — spring — summer shadow pictures (LIFE, Aug. 11) taken by Mary L. Mackintosh. I measured the lengths of the shadows and of the cardboard tube in each picture, and calculated the height of the sun.

From these figures, and the declination of the sun on the dates given, I attempted to calculate the latitude of Elon College. The winter and summer pictures gave substantial agreement, with latitude determinations of 36°52' N and 37°04' N respectively. From them I found Elon College on my map of North Carolina at approximately 36°05' N and 79°30' W. The spring photograph, however, yielded a latitude of 32°49' N, which (in the longitude of Elon College) is a spot in the Atlantic Ocean off Charleston, S. C., some 225 miles too far south. It raised the slight suspicion in my mind that Miss Mackintosh had either found the day too cloudy to get a shadow photograph on Mar. 21, or had forgotten it until some days later. The length of the shadow is correct for Elon College on about Mar. 29-30 instead of Mar. 21.

ALBERT E. WANG

Storrs, Conn.

● Miss Mackintosh sportingly confesses Mar. 21 in Elon College was cloudy. She took picture on first clear day, Mar. 30.—ED.

Dehn's Desert

Sirs:

We were plenty shocked at the ghastly representation of the Mojave Desert as painted by Adolf Dehn and reproduced in LIFE, Aug. 11.

We know this approach to Victorville very well as we live only 16 miles or so from the spot where the painting was made. The impression is completely



DEHN'S YUCCA REAL YUCCA

misleading and incorrect from a botanical and every other standpoint. We know certain license is allowed artists. They are supposed to paint as they see and feel. If Mr. Dehn's picture is what he sees and feels, he is either a mental case or a sufferer of severe eye affliction. I enclose a photograph of a tree yucca, a typical specimen, from which you may gather my point. This photograph was made from the same highway from which Mr. Dehn was pleased to libel this magnificent country.

I should like to point out further that the shadows on the hills in the painting could only be such at the time of sunrise. Mr. Dehn says it was sizzling hot. It is never sizzling hot at sunrise on the Mojave. Also smoke from the Victor Cement Plant is blowing hard from the west. The wind never blows from the west at sunrise on the Mojave. It is the only time of day when you can be sure of a dead calm. His yucca trees are not worthy of the efforts of a child of 6. And I have never seen a U. S. highway barely wide enough for a baby's perambulator.

Forgive this outburst, but there are a few so-called artists we should be happy to see hung by the neck until dead, and Mr. Dehn is one of them.

DAVID J. MANNERS

Victorville, Calif.

Amateurs

Sirs:

I was very pleased to read the article on Tennis Kids appearing in LIFE's



VARICOSE VEINS

Need Not Keep You From Having

Beautiful Legs

A new two-way stretch stocking that gives perfect support entirely unnoticed under sheerest silk hose. Now, bulky elastic stockings are unnecessary. At Department, Surgical or Drug Stores.

SEND FOR BOOKLET



Mail Coupon Today

BELL-HORN
Tropical Height
ELASTIC STOCKINGS


BELL-HORN, 431 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me helpful free booklet: New Facts about Varicose Veins and Beautiful Legs.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AMERICA'S LEADING MAKERS OF SURGICAL HOSIERY FOR OVER 100 YEARS

"That's how we like 'em"



SHIP 'N' SHORE

Spic and span, that's how your hero wants you to look. Whether in service or in civvies, he'll rate you "super-smooth" in this precision-tailored SHIP 'N' SHORE shirt, budget-priced at \$1.25. Choose several, long or short sleeves, in durable Sanforized Shrink broadcloth (maximum shrinkage 1%). White and lovely colors.

SUSQUEHANNA WAIST CO.
1350 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

Nymphorm

"CHECKS"



GOOD FORM IN ANY DORM!
Even your severest college board... your dorm-mates will okay this P. J. Your pet butcher boy style in sleek broadcloth with pert checked trim. Perfect for "cram" or "slam" sessions... simple to tuck! Blue with red, rose with blue. Sizes 34 to 40.

About \$1.39

At leading stores everywhere or write
MITCHELL BROS., INC.
146 Madison Avenue, New York

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Issue of Aug. 11 and hope it brings home to the "high-handed" U. S. L. T. A. the fact that there are very few strictly amateur tennis players in the top-notch ranks.

GEORGE L. LAWYER
Albany, N. Y.

Private at Home

Sirs:

Regarding your article on Raymond Carlton (LIFE, Aug. 11), I would like to say that Raymond or any other person who can eat raw okra should be a professional sword swallower rather than a soldier.

B. M. DRAKE, M.D.
Kenansville, N. C.

Lindbergh

Sirs:

Your article on Charles Lindbergh (LIFE, Aug. 11) was read with a great deal of interest and it is one copy of your magazine that I will keep for life. Lindbergh is one of few outstanding honest and sincere Americans.

After the last war, the American people felt that they were suckers and it was the firm conviction and hope of the vast majority of American people that we would never become involved in European intrigue again.

I, for one, am deeply grateful that such a strong character as Lindbergh is now the spokesman for millions of Americans.

ARCHIE E. TENGZELIUS
Valley Stream, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your statements on Lindbergh were sensational. Every word he speaks is absolutely correct. He is right when he said "Americans are primitive and lack discipline." I for one am 100% for Lindbergh!

FLORENCE GLEATON
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Thank God, we Americans are a 'primitive people' without 'discipline or moral standards,' who find no satisfaction in the bombing of defenseless women and children and who would rather enjoy a quiet evening at home than go out into the streets and beat to death a few unfortunate people who do not happen to share our religious beliefs.

GEORGE C. SKEEN
Irvington, N. J.

Sirs:

It is all well and good for Lindbergh to "OK" American deaths in Brazil but here is one who would just as soon stretch out on Unter den Linden.

When the soldiery of the nation wants to be represented by an ex-airplane mechanic, we will vote for one. Who does Mr. Lindbergh think he is, anyway?

PFC. E. T. LOGAN
Tenth Regiment, Marine Corps
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:


I suggest that Lindbergh build up a volume from his naive statements. This book would be the Bible of the America First Committee.

There should be a chapter on how the U. S. can win if it tries hard enough to lose; another on how to look neutral while condemning all countries but Germany; a final chapter about England, entitled—"I hate you 'cause your fleet's too big!"

W. PORTER WARE
The University of the South
Sevance, Tenn.

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should be addressed to
THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY

READY NOW!



Gary Cooper Sergeant York

with
WALTER BRENNAN
JOAN LESLIE
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N
Produced by JESSE L. LASKY & HAL B. WALLIS
Original Screen Play by Abram Finkel & Harry Chandler
& Howard Koch & John Huston • Music by Max Steiner

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE EXACT DATE OF HIS SHOWING

A NEW WARNER
BROS. SUCCESS



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... THESE ARE FAVORITE POSTCARDS WITH THE ARMY AND NAVY



The postcards shown on these pages are favorites of U. S. soldiers and sailors. Known in the greeting card trade as "Comics—Army" and "Comics—Navy," cards like these are selling in the millions, at from 1c each to two for 5c, all over the U. S. and its posses-

sions. Among the nation's 1,500,000 service men, who send them to sweethearts and friends, they are much more popular than any other picture-postcard category, including "patriotics" and "local views."

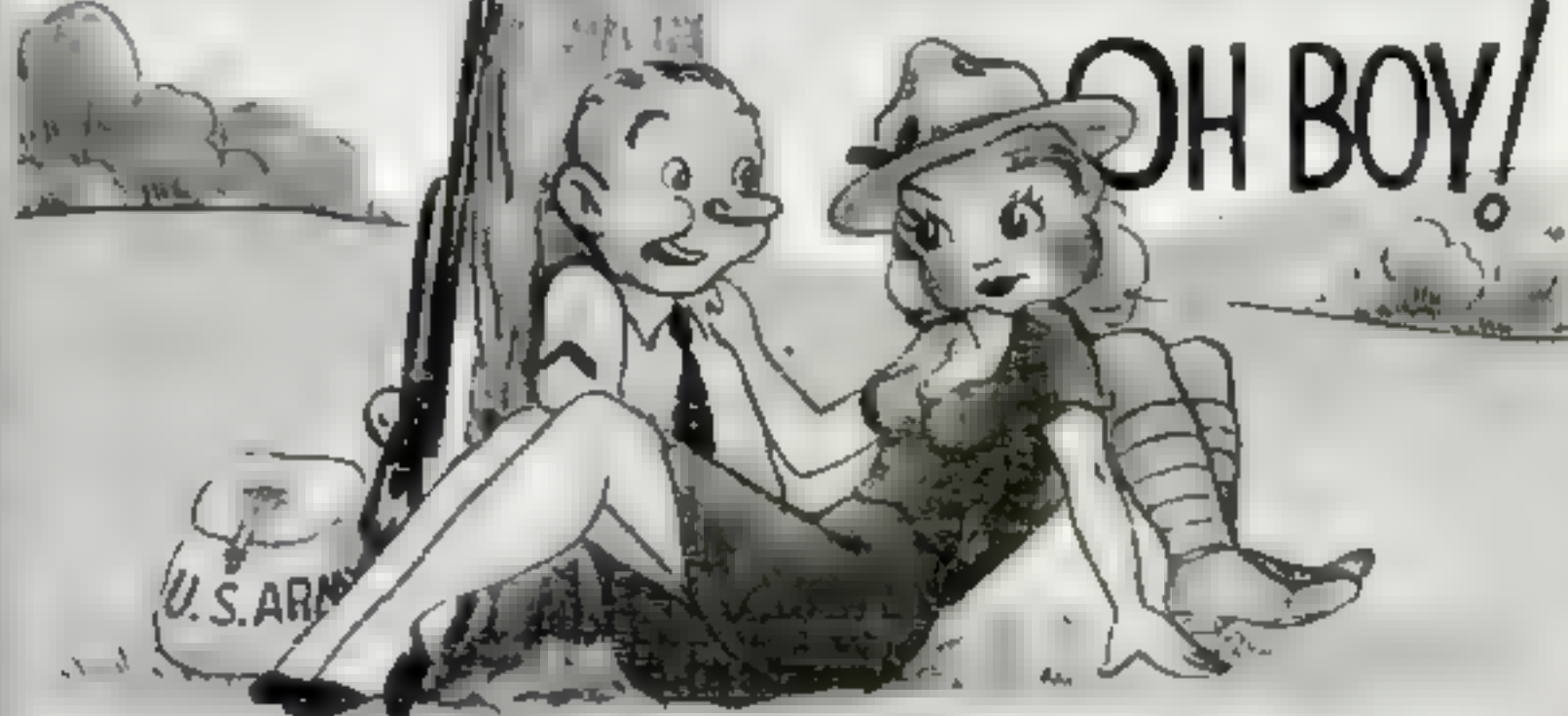
Although they spoof Army and Navy life, cards

like these are sold quite openly at canteens and exchanges on military reservations. Manufacturer of all but six of the cards shown here is Tichnor Bros., Inc., of Boston, who claim to have sold 40 to 50 million Army and Navy "comics" since the first of the year.

I AM ANTICIPATIN' A BUSY TIME HERE!



GOT LOST WHILE ON MANEUVERS



OH BOY!



WE'VE GOT YOU SPOTTED

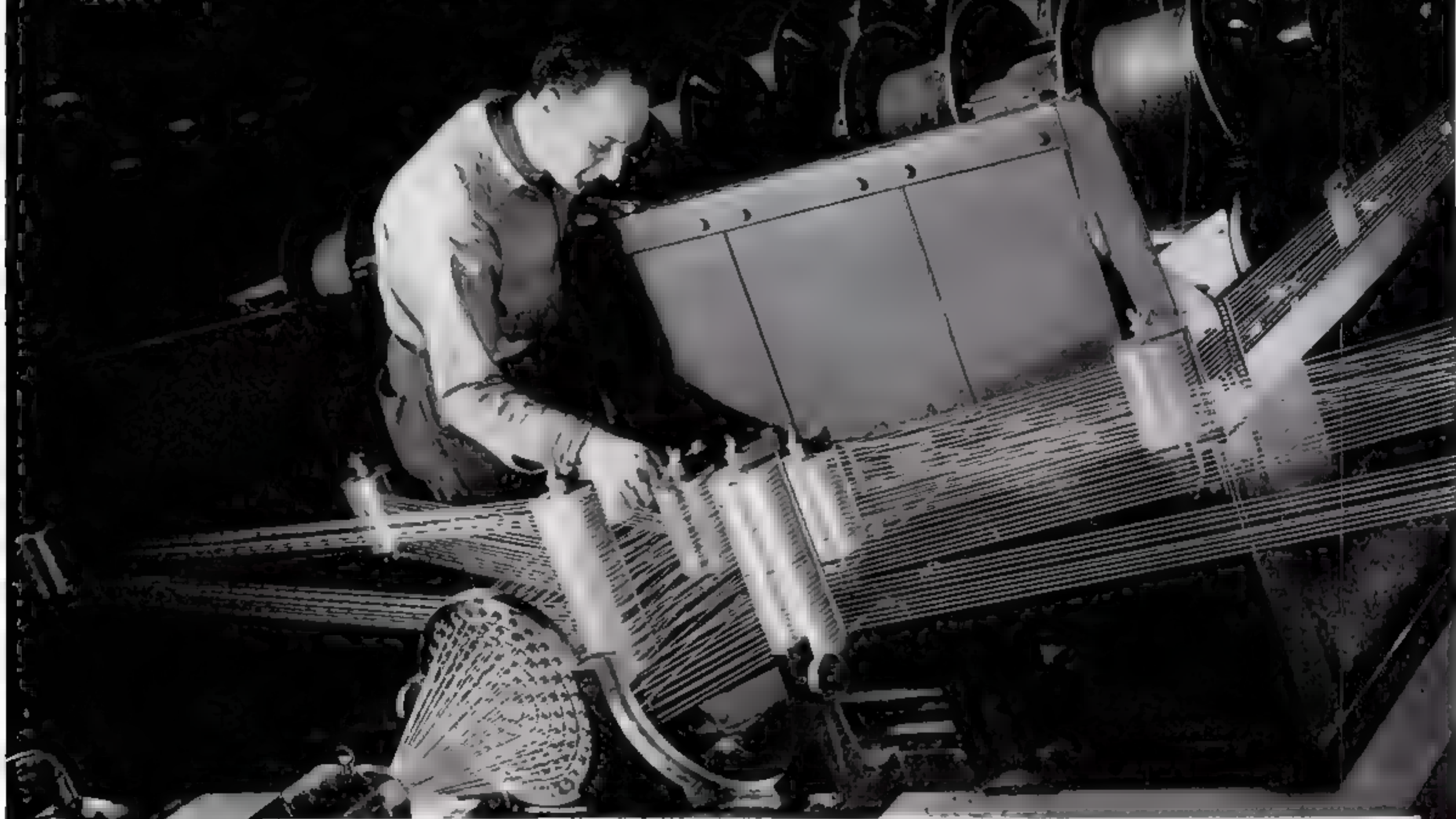


LOOKOUT FOR AIRRAIDS!

I'LL BET THE COCK-EYED WORLD YOU CAN'T LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND SAY YOU'VE BEEN TRUE TO ME!



Here come life lines of national defense



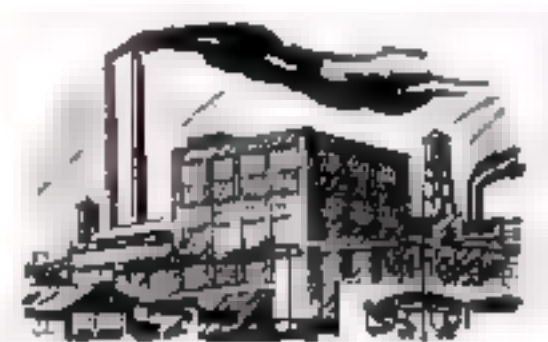
Additional telephone lines speed defense everywhere.



Army camps must have plenty of telephone lines.



On ship and shore the Navy relies on telephone lines.



Industry requires, and obtains, more telephone lines.

Telephone lines are life lines. They carry the communications so vital to our expanding defense program.

The photograph shows wires being made into a telephone cable. Such cable—containing billions of feet of this wire—is being rushed by Western Electric to meet the urgent telephone needs of the armed forces and of industry.

So too, in vastly increased quantities, are being sped telephones and switchboards—and radio apparatus for the air forces and the Signal Corps.

The efficiency of Bell Telephone service is more than ever essential to government and business, and now as always Western Electric can be counted on to supply the life lines.

Western Electric

... is back of your Bell Telephone service

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

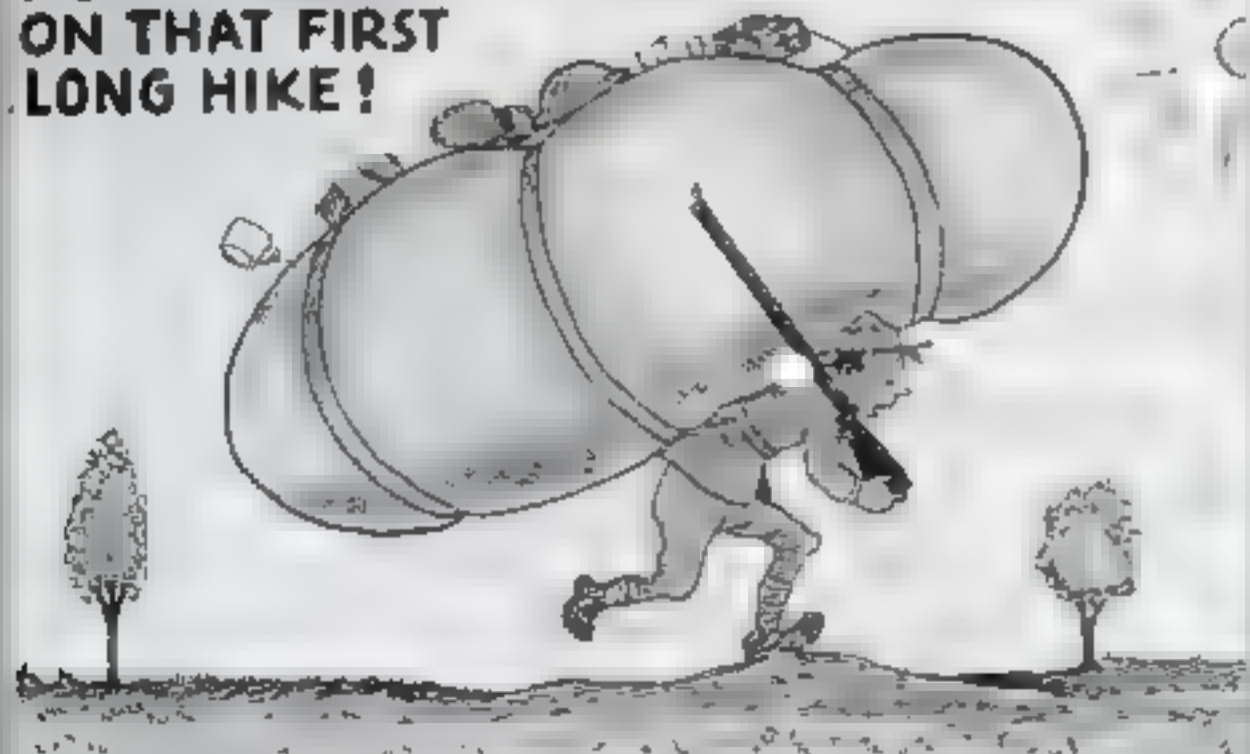
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SORRY, MADAM, OUR ORDERS ARE
TO SEARCH EVERYONE FOR
CONCEALED WEAPONS



SHOW ME SOMETHING IN A SIZE 36" FOR ELMER

HOW IT FEELS
ON THAT FIRST
LONG HIKE!



BUY FLORSHEIM QUALITY

AMERICA'S STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE



The ECLIPSE



The STRATFIELD

FLORSHEIM

Brigadier Brown

BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN FINE CALFSKIN



Florsheim hand-staining adds depth and richness to calfskin that's already tops in quality. The result is Florsheim Brigadier Brown—a martial color, a flawless finish, a *plus* in style and quality that always means the difference between ordinary shoes and Florsheims.

Brigadier Brown Styles \$10 \$9.50 and \$10
MOST STYLES

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

MacDuff takes a puff....of Kentucky Club

"THAT REMINDS ME, JENKINS,
THERE'S NO BITE IN GOOD OL'
KENTUCKY CLUB TOBACCO!"



MacDuff sure knows his stuff, pipe-smokers! Kentucky Club is the only tobacco made 100% of all-white burley. That's the light, no-bite burley. What flavor! What aroma! What a grand-and-glorious life when you're puffin' a pipeful of good ol' Kentucky Club Tobacco. Beat Mr. Tobacco-Bite! Join the army of pipe-smokers who have switched to the handsome blue tin. Remember: the burley's white, it won't bite. (Perfect for rollin'-your-own, too.)

Penn Tobacco Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



LIFE'S COVER



Ted Williams, the kid with the infectious grin on this week's cover, was once a baseball problem case. When he first came to the big leagues he was known as a "pop-off guy" (i.e., one who lets himself be quoted on all his private gripes). Once he even threatened to quit baseball, become a fireman. Now, three years later, Ted has matured into a steady, hard-working ball player who never pops off, can take the best the opposing teams give him and still lead the league in hitting (see pp. 43-44).

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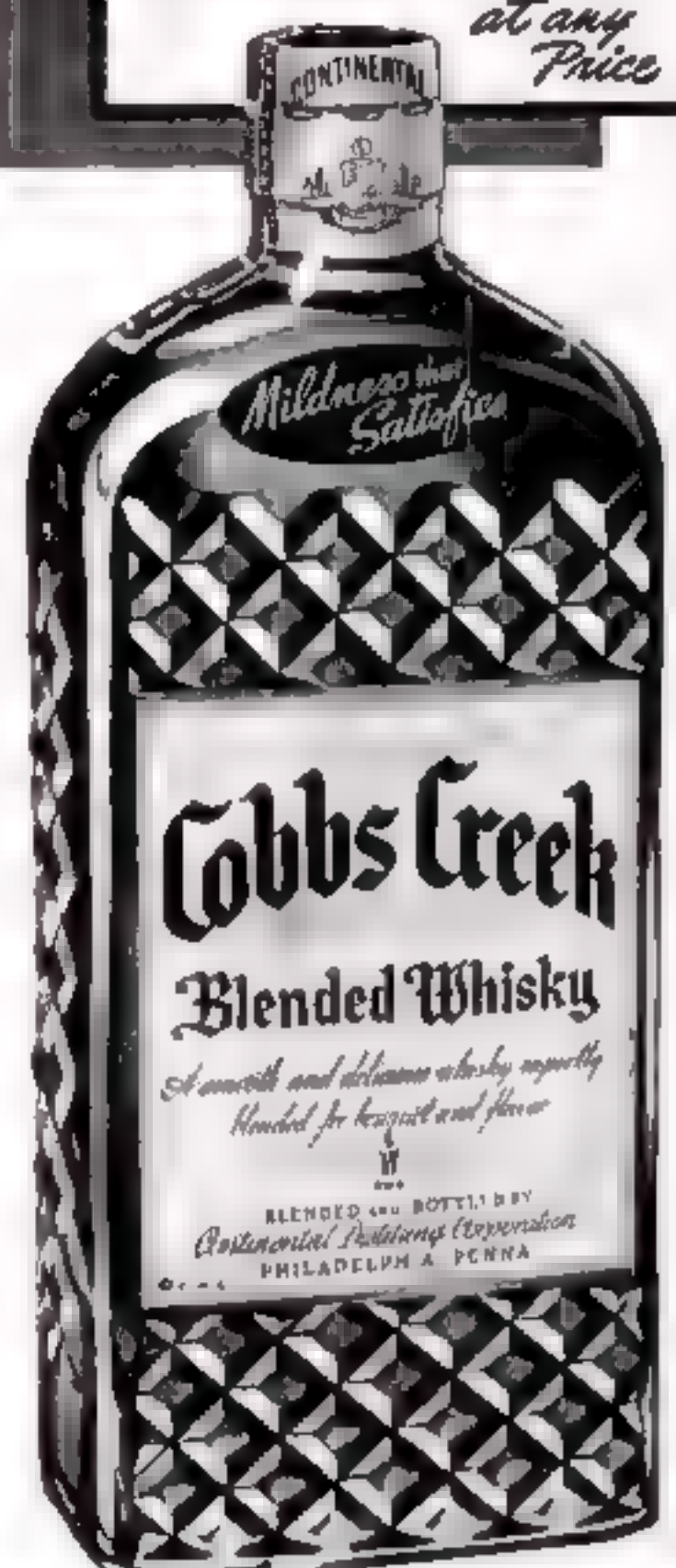
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Walter B. Lane, who took the pictures of Congressman Robert Grant touring his Third District in Indiana (pp. 26-27), came to work at LIFE four years ago as a technician in LIFE's darkroom. Before that he had been a movie cameraman and projectionist in a theater. He started doing odd jobs for LIFE, finally got into real stories, such as the departure of the *Queen Elizabeth* and the building of new oil pipe lines. His hobby is amateur radio.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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	74, 75, 76, 77—ERIC KHAAL
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BOMBER ASSEMBLY LINE

1941 STYLE



PICTURE an assembly line stretching from coast to coast—reaching into a hundred typical American communities. In this town, they're making engines; over there, tail assemblies. Another contributes instruments or radio equipment, while the propeller or landing gear "departments" might be half way across the country. And all these parts are flowing smoothly together by railroad.

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"It just doesn't seem that life should

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U. S. AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, LAURENCE A. STEINHARDT, SITS AMID WRECKAGE IN MOSCOW EMBASSY FOLLOWING JULY 23 BOMBING

MOSCOW FIGHTS OFF THE NAZI BOMBERS AND PREPARES FOR A LONG WAR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

These first pictures of wartime Russia by LIFE Photographer Margaret Bourke-White are the result of that rare event, a fine photographer on the scene of an historic news story. Evening before she took the picture above, Miss Bourke-White spent the night alone on the roof of the U. S. Embassy in Moscow, photographing the unearthly panorama of Moscow's July 23 bombing (*see next page*). Something warned her, perhaps an unnoticed sound, and she clambered hastily in the window of the Ambassador's office and lay down on the floor.

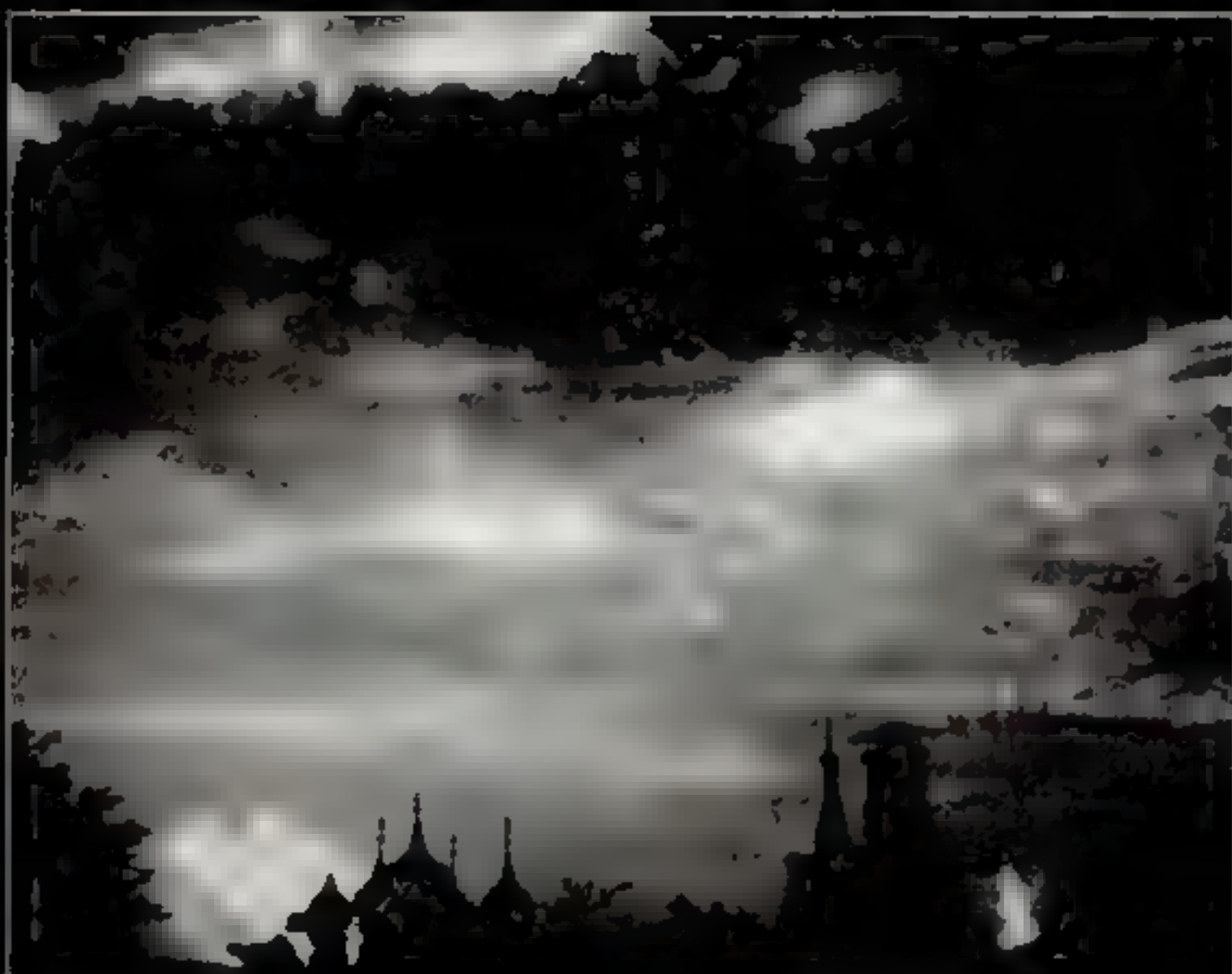
The bomb blast blew the windowpanes in on her, cutting her fingers, and hurled a Japanese screen on

her. It also completely demolished the nearby Vakhtangov Theater on Arbat Street, its popular director and its chief actor. At that, Miss Bourke-White descended to the Embassy cellar, where she found several American reporters. Early next morning, Ambassador Steinhardt arrived from the country villa (*dacha*) he has fitted up as an out-of-town refuge for his staff. He was delighted to find the glass blown out of his office window and declared he would leave it out. It was just about the second anniversary of his arrival in Moscow and of the Hitler-Stalin pact. He is now working 18 hours a day, has been summoned to Stalin's office at 2 a. m.

By late July, the great evacuation of Moscow had begun toward Asia, jamming the streets for blocks around the railway stations. No parades, bands or hoopla appeared, but Muscovites were calm and resolute. Rumor-mongering was punishable by at least four years in prison. Rationing had begun.

On Russia's central front, Marshal Timoshenko was holding his ground, but the two huge flanks of Leningrad and the Ukraine were buckling. Russian victory-of-the-week was the word put out in Berlin that the Germans now expect the war with Russia to last through winter and on into spring, with great masses of old-fashioned Russian cavalry roaming the snows.

EMBATTLED MOSCOW PUTS ON A MAGNIFICENT ANTI-AIRCRAFT DISPLAY OVER RED

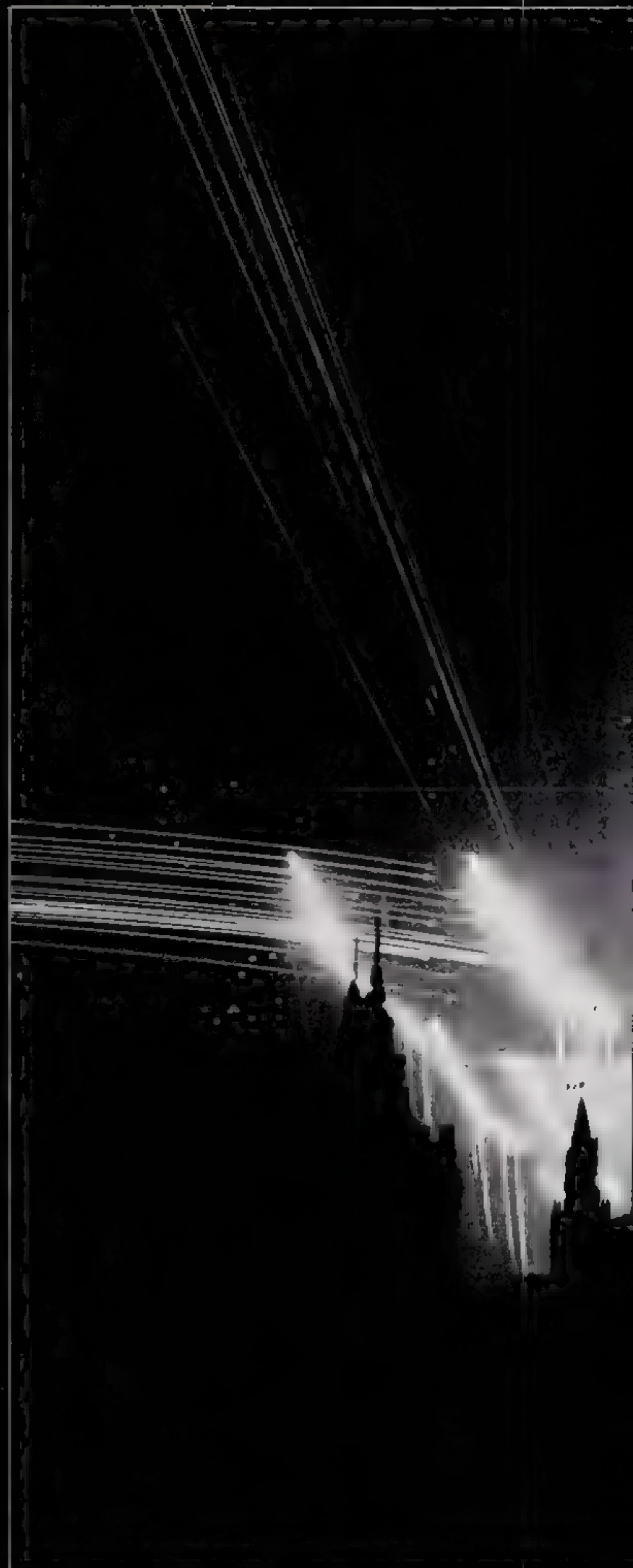


ZENITH GUNS DOT SKY LIGHTED BY GLARE OF MOSCOW FIRES NIGHT OF JULY 26

Moscow was prepared for war. Nothing could show that better than Margaret Bourke-White's beautiful and terrifying pictures of the German raids on July 23 and July 26. The picture above she took from the U. S. Embassy roof, the others from the National Hotel just up the street from Red Square. White streaks are tracer bullets, glare areas are Nazi parachute flares, white dots are zenith anti-aircraft gunshots. General light is from incendiary fires. Below distant clock tower in picture at right is the tomb of Lenin, whose body has not yet been moved. Guns tried to shoot down planes dropping flares. Searchlights caught one plane, watched it fall in flames.

The crash of the anti-aircraft guns and their deeper echo were described by Miss Bourke-White as a classical chord in counterpoint to the jazz of the whining planes and the whistling bombs. The first raid came on the night of July 21, after a month of war. The raid on the night of July 26 was reported to be by 100 German planes, of which six got through. But to Moscow the show sounded a good deal bigger than that. The Nazis were evidently trying to bomb Stalin, in person, as shown by the concentration of flares over the Kremlin, and the Russians had massed heavy anti-aircraft protection around this citadel of Communism.

Nothing like these pictures of Moscow bombing and defense was ever released by the British censors during the Battle of Britain. No doubt remained that the Communist State, though far from ideal in peacetime, is well geared to conduct a war. Every citizen in the U. S. S. R. had a job and did it. The fire-fighting organization was as good as London's after a year of bombing. The people were even calmer, swimming in the Moscow River by day, sitting in their shirt sleeves at their air-raid posts at night.



SEVEN NAZI PARACHUTE FLARES DROP EVENLY ON KREMLIN (CENTER) AND HISTORICAL



BULLETS AND SEARCHLIGHTS STREAK THE SKY ABOVE WESTERN WALL OF KREMLIN

SQUARE WHEN FLEET OF NAZI BOMBERS COMES RAIDING ON NIGHTS OF JULY 23 AND 26



MUSEUM (LEFT), BIG DOME AT RIGHT HOVER OVER STALIN'S OFFICE. ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES FIRE LEVEL STREAKS (LEFT) FROM HOTEL ROOF AND BEYOND RED SQUARE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MOSCOW CAMOUFLAGES ITSELF BY DAY AND BLACKS OUT COMPLETELY BY NIGHT



False rooftops are painted around Moscow's Kremlin, false shadows across the roof (far right) of the Arsenal to indicate separate buildings, and fake blue windows on the low green Kremlin walls seen through the trees at the right. Nevertheless a bomb landed here in the square. Red glass stars are painted a drab gray.

Same scene at night shows blackout except for Kremlin entrance (right center). Between midnight and 4 a. m., passes are required on the streets. During air raids no one is passed. Such a time exposure in Berlin or London would show white streaks for passing cars, but only one shows here (left). Center is the Historical Museum.



RUSSIANS SHOOT DOWN A NAZI BOMBER AND RELEASE FINE PICTURES OF IT



↑ **Imposing monument** in a birch wood northwest of Moscow is a German Junkers Ju-88 dive bomber shot down at 9 a. m., July 25. Of its crew of four, two were killed, two were injured and taken to a Moscow hospital. It is guarded by un-uniformed member of the People's Army. It carried photographic apparatus for reconnaissance.

↓ **Radio panel** of the Nazi dive bomber above is shown in unusually revealing detail below. The Russians made this the objective of a day's excursion for the whole corps of foreign correspondents, including a Japanese. The censors accompanied the correspondents, so that no dispatches were passed from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. that day.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MOSCOW (continued)

RUSSIAN WOMEN RACE TO GET IN THE HARVEST BEFORE GERMAN ARMY ARRIVES



↑ One month ago, in July, this collective farm 40 miles from Moscow harvested wheat, rye and clover hay. More than 70 men left for the front and 1,700 women and children were working here for the men, once for themselves, and now for the country. These workers average 400 to 450 days work and earn 24 rubles, \$4.50, a day per produce.

Not for the Germans was the grain of this collective farm outside Moscow, though planting was two weeks late this year. Like other crops, such as wheat, except corn and potatoes, were heavily harvested and largely unused when the Germans came. Nazis failed to count on revolution against their policy.





LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Roosevelt leaves out the press; Army gets a new morale chief; Nazis fight French sabotage

Back at his White House desk, President Roosevelt buckled down to a fistful of waiting jobs—the stubborn Kearny, N. J. shipyard strike, Japanese tension, aid to Russia, defense reorganization, a Labor Day speech. But the aftermath of his historic sea rendezvous with Winston Churchill continued to make news.

Most of it centered on the dearth of news about the meeting which Americans received. Excited by the event, and prepared to share emotionally in its tremendous drama, they went to their movie theaters and saw a scant 200 ft. of shaky but passable film. The rest of the 2,400 ft. of American movie coverage was unshowably bad—light-struck, out of focus, jerkily panned, so badly off-time that the august figures appeared to move like racing mechanical dolls. The film—of which 800 ft. were completely blank, indicating that perhaps the photographer had neglected to remove his lens cap—was presumably made by some military amateur, since no professional U. S. cameramen were allowed to accompany the President. Meantime from London came reports of 4,400 ft. of “technically excellent” movies of the meeting made by professional British cameramen who had accompanied the Prime Minister. The only new picture to reach the U. S. last week was the band from one of Churchill’s 60¢ cigars, swept up from the *Prince of Wales* deck (see cut).

Feelings of U. S. newspapermen, also barred from the Presidential party, were little soothed by an announcement by Sir Gerald Campbell on Aug. 19 that the two British journalists who accompanied the Prime Minister were actually not newspapermen at all but “well-known authors” sent along to make “a historic record” for official British purposes.

Perhaps cognizant of hurt Congressional feelings over being left in the cold along with ordinary citizens, the President on Aug. 21 dispatched a special



CHURCHILL'S CIGAR BAND

message to Congress about the meeting. Answering sharp criticism of certain significant omissions from the eight-point declaration, the President added that “it is unnecessary for me” to say that the society envisioned in the declaration could not survive without freedom of religion and freedom of information. (“Quite a shock to his ally, Stalin,” cracked Senator Bennett Clark.)

Important in itself, the contrast between U. S. and British news coverage of the meeting pointed up the whole question of U. S. official secrecy and its effect on U. S. civilian morale. At his Aug. 19 press conference President Roosevelt complained sharply of civilian apathy toward the U. S. war effort. In the same conference he read approvingly a letter from a friend who wrote that the important thing was that he and Mr. Churchill had met, and that such things as press releases and pictures—which are the only means most Americans have of sharing in the great adventures now afoot—were “merest trivia.”

Maneuvers & Imagination. As maneuvers of the U. S. Second Army got under way in the South, a press release from its headquarters drew the fire of the Right Rev. Henry W. Hobson, Episcopal bishop of south-

ern Ohio and national chairman of Fight for Freedom, Inc. Written by Major R. A. Griffin, a World War veteran, and in civil life a California publisher, the release dramatized Second Army maneuvers by setting up a fictitious political situation between the mythical countries of “Almat” and “Kotmk” leading to war. (For a condensation, see pages 31-34.) Bishop Hobson telegraphed Secretary of War Stimson, suggesting court-martial. His objection: “Kotmk” was pictured as the equivalent of Germany and glorified. The whole thing, he said, “might have been written by Goebbels.”



OSBORN

Partly as a morale measure, the War Department announced that, if the international situation remained the same, the Army expected to release most of the draftees after 14 to 18 months of service. Preference will be given to “hardship cases,” men over 28 and married men. All will be subject to recall if needed.

One direct result of the morale tempest was the appointment of a civilian as Chief of the Army Morale Branch with the rank of brigadier general. He is Frederick Osborn, Manhattan eugenics expert, a Dutchess County neighbor of the Roosevelts. Already thoroughly familiar with morale work, Osborn has proved his ability as head of the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. He is the tallest man in official Washington (6 ft., 8 in.), topping playwright Robert E. Sherwood of the Donovan office by one inch.



STUELPNAGEL

so severe that the sensationally high wartime reward of \$20,000 was offered to anyone who would stool on the saboteurs. Following anti-German riots in Paris, 6,000 “Jews, Communists and ‘Free French’ sympathizers” were yanked off to concentration camps. When a German colonel was stabbed to death in a Paris subway, the Nazis announced that “in case of a new criminal act, a number of hostages correspond-

ing to the gravity of the act committed will be shot.”

Meanwhile, in Unoccupied France, 5,000 more “foreigners” were hustled off to prison camp. (For a report on Vichy, see pages 66-73.)



BADER

taken prisoner, but his right artificial leg buckled on landing. The Luftwaffe then sent a message to the R. A. F. through the International Red Cross offering to allow an R. A. F. pilot to drop a new metal leg for Bader by parachute. Last week from out of the skies over France a new right leg parachuted gently to earth for Bader.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On Aug. 23 the bones of Tecumseh, famed chief of the Shawnees, who died on Oct. 5, 1813, were re-interred in a memorial plot on Walpole Island in Lake St. Clair. Perhaps the most notable of 19th Century Indian chieftains, Tecumseh was an eloquent and enlightened spokesman of the tribes which year after year were pushed inexorably westward from their Ohio Valley hunting grounds. Exasperated by the constant incursions of the white man and his disregard for treaties, Tecumseh planted an inter-tribal colony near Greenville, Ohio, around 1805 and planned there to create a united front against further white encroachment. He preached industry, kindness and abstinence from alcohol.

Alarmed by the success of his leadership, General William Henry Harrison descended on Tecumseh's warriors in 1811 and defeated them in the famed Battle of Tippecanoe. In the War of 1812, Tecumseh went over to the British who gave him the rank of brigadier, and was killed in the Battle of the Thames by Kentucky Riflemen who skinned him and used his hide as razor strops. Buried in Ontario, Tecumseh's bones were recently exhumed and kept in the mahogany casket shown opposite, pending final interment.

Last week the old chief's 6-ft. skeleton was laid out for the benefit of photographers. As the picture opposite reveals, the assembly job was inaccurate. Among other anatomical errors, Tecumseh's hip bones repose under his chin. His shoulder blades and heel bones have been installed in the pelvic region. His left forearm is composed of two leg bones. He was buried with rites of the Anglican Church.



TECUMSEH



The bones of Townsend, killed in war in 1917, are assembled for reburial in a memorial tomb.



FIREBOATS HURL TONS OF WATER ON BLAZING PIER. OFFSHORE A BURNING LIGHTER IS NOSED INTO OPEN WATER. AT UPPER LEFT LIES GOVERNORS ISLAND, AT RIGHT, MANHATTAN



An enormous fireball materializes over the pier. Created by inflammable gases which rise high into the air and then ex-

plode, fireballs often endanger firemen by capriciously dropping back to the ground. Note Statue of Liberty on skyline.

31 DIE AS FIRE DESTROYS SHIP,

A little before noon on Aug. 18 a longshoreman operating a cargo crane on Pier 27, Brooklyn, near the confluence of the East and Hudson Rivers, saw a tiny tendril of fire sprout from some piles of sisal. Stacked high roundabout were 1,000 bales of sisal and 1,000 lb. of wax just unloaded from the freighter *Panuco*. In process of loading were 500 tons of outgoing freight, including drums of oil and paint destined for the U. S. Naval Station at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

The little shoot of flame observed by the longshoreman was inconsequential. As he afterward told investigators, "I could easily have put it out with a pail of water or with my windbreaker, if I had had it with me." Suddenly the tiny stalk of fire put out branches, and the branches formed solid roofs and walls of flame that spread with unbelievable rapidity across the laden pier. It burst out the sides, engulfed the freighter *Panuco* and overflowed onto the lighters moored alongside. "You take a box of matches and light it," a veteran fire battalion chief said later. "That's the way this fire spread."

Within less than half an hour five alarms had been



FLAMING FREIGHTER "PANUCO" IS HAULED INTO BUTTERMILK CHANNEL TO SMOLDER AND COOL. WATER BOILED AND TUGS WERE SEARED ON CONTACT WITH HER RED-HOT PLATES

CARGO & HUGE NEW YORK PIER

sounded and one-fifth of the fire-fighting apparatus in Greater New York was on hand. Fireboats and railroad tugs cascaded tons of water over the *Panuco*, lighters and pier. Of the 140 longshoremen at work in the fire area, some made their way across to neighboring piers, some leaped into the water, some were trapped in the *Panuco's* intolerable hells. Small fires which broke out on adjoining piers were quickly extinguished. But Pier 27 was utterly out of control. There oil, wax and chemicals erupted clouds of bitter viscous smoke in the depths of which huge fireballs intermittently took shape and careened crazily out over the harbor (see left below)

The courageous crews of two tugs managed to fix a line to the *Panuco* and haul her out into Buttermilk Channel, between Governors Island and the Brooklyn shore. Five hours later water was still hissing around her red radiant hull. Five days later the fire's cause was still undetermined. But it was known that 31 men, mostly longshoremen, had died. More than 70, including seamen and firemen, had been injured. And property damage exceeded \$2,000,000.



Finnish freighter "Aurora" mysteriously burns in Hudson River at dawn Aug. 22, five days after Brooklyn pier fire.

Here you see fireboats attacking flames in the gray morning light. One officer lost his life. Property damage was slight.



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT A. GRANT & WIFE START HOME FROM WASHINGTON

A HOMECOMING CONGRESSMAN FINDS HIS PEOPLE BADLY MUDDLED ABOUT THE WAR

The trouble with America, said President Roosevelt on Aug. 10, is that too many Americans have not yet made up their minds that we have a war to win, and that it will take a hard fight to win it. Could this popular irresolution, he asked his press conference, explain the House's one-vote margin (203-to-202) against breaking up the U. S. Army by sending draftees, Reserves and Guardsmen home after a year of training?

To try to find an answer LIFE last week sent a reporter-photographer team home with Representative Robert A. Grant, a Republican who voted against the draft extension bill, to his Third Indiana District. As the Congressman went from lawyer to farmer to merchant to housewife to factory worker, he found that his constituents agree almost unanimously on one thing: America is going to get in the war. It would be logical for people who had reached this conclusion to favor every step necessary to help their country *win* the war. But the Midwesterners of the Third Indiana District are not thinking logically. They are reluctant, resentful, disheartened, distrustful, deeply confused, deeply uneasy about what the President is up to. Despite the insistence of all military experts that attack is the best defense, they think the U. S. will be perfectly safe if it just stands guard at its borders, and are dead set against "sending the boys over there" again. They say the East is hysterical. Most of them heartily supported their Congressman's vote to break up the Army. They considered draft extension a dirty trick on the draftees, a broken promise. Surely the President knew a year ago that one year is not enough time to train a real soldier, that the draftees could not be sent home at year's end without a disastrous break-up of the Army's team-units. If he had said so then, if he had told the boys they were going in for the duration, everything would be all right now.

Obvious conclusion: an increase of Presidential frankness, a lifting of the veil of secrecy which now keeps Americans from sharing the adventure on which their armed forces are already embarked, would do more to hearten the American people for the hard fight ahead than anything except German bombs dropped on U. S. ships or cities.

THE GRANTS ARRIVE HOME AT 218 WEST ANGELA ST., SOUTH BEND, IND.



Publisher Frederick A. Miller of the South Bend Tribune assures Congressman Grant that the country is 95% against draft extension. He thinks it is time to Britain, not with no shooting. He is sure the people in the neighborhood thoroughly detest the foreign policy of the Roosevelt administration. This is a comfortable conviction for Publisher Miller, whose Republican heroes appear on office wall.



Citizens of Walkerton, Ind., gathered in hardware store, agree that we should send everything to Britain "except the boys." In the same breath, Audra Zink (second from right) tells the Congressman (second from left): "Franklin says we ain't going to have any war. He's just kidding himself—he ain't kidding anybody else." Clarence Tuttle (right) says the Government has stuck its neck out.



Priest John A. O'Brien, teacher in Notre Dame graduate school, admits to hatred of Russia so bitter he hardly dares discuss it. A speech-making isolationist, he declares that Fascism and Communism are ideals which can be beaten only by other ideals, not by tanks and cannon. He wants the U. S. to spare itself now so that it can be "an arsenal of good, of food, of strength and healing" after the war.



Retired railroader H. E. Warner, an ex-superintendent, thinks "that guy Lindbergh and that Senator from Montana are about right." But **Cornelius Cable** (right), ex-railroad-machinist, disagrees with his old boss, favors draft extension. "Tell you why. We don't want to be caught napping. We'll have old Hitler come over here and then we'd have to hunt the boys all up again."



Physician W. H. Mikeach, found weeding his lawn with Mrs. Mikeach, greeted the Congressman with, "Hi, Bob, we ought to take notice on this 203-202 vote. That's not a blanket." Assuring LIFE's reporter that Grant has always been level-headed, Dr. Mikeach declared: "The President is full of grandiose ideas, and my diagnosis of that as a physician would be—nuts."



Factory Worker Alfred Bernahl, caught at Bendix Aviation plant gate, is worried because people aren't being told what is going on. "The Maginot Line was prepared," says he, "but the people didn't know what was up—and you see what happened there."



Haberdasher Charles Champion was one of the few out-&-out isolationists Congressman Grant encountered. He is against aid to Britain, wants no connection with the war whatever. Concerning the draft extension bill he says: "It wasn't fair."



Lawyer-Banker R. Floyd Searer, who was painting the kitchen during his wife's absence, says "We'll have the whole world fighting us" if Russia and Britain fall. Disagreeing with Congressman Grant, he thinks the draft extension was imperative.



Farmer Alfred Rupel believes America is going into the war, but says "one year's enough" for draftee training. Most people don't like the prospect of war, he opined, and ventured that opinion in his county is divided about 50-50 on helping Britain. Other farmers whom Congressman Grant talked to complained that the draft plus lure of defense factory jobs had made farm labor scarce.



Manufacturer John B. Campbell was once Congressman Grant's Sunday School teacher. But as local treasurer of the Committee to Defend America he heartily disagrees with his ex-pupil's stand. Nonetheless, he concedes that Grant pretty well represents local sentiment, whose sorry state he blames on "the Chicago Tribune and its local stooge, the South Bend Tribune."



GLORIA CALLEN

**SHE BREAKS ELEANOR HOLM'S
LAST RECORD AT A. A. U. MEET**

Of the four or five dozen pretty girl swimmers who regularly churn the lanes at swimming meets throughout the U. S., there is only one you must remember. She is Gloria Callen, 17-year-old high-school girl of Nyack, N. Y. You see her here, photographed last fortnight at High Point, N. C., a few moments after she had shattered Eleanor Holm's last record by winning the 100-meter backstroke event in the women's national A. A. U. meet in 1 min. 17.5 sec.

Like Eleanor Holm, pretty Gloria gets her picture

in the sports section whether she wins or loses. As a rule, she wins. She already holds a dozen national records and is as far ahead of her competitors in swimming proficiency as she is in looks. Originally a free-style champion, she turned to the backstroke because of Hollywood aspirations. Shrewd Gloria knows that a woman swimming backstroke photographs better than one face-down in the foam. Eleanor Holm slid from backstroke events into the movies with a graceful splash. Gloria seems likely to follow her,



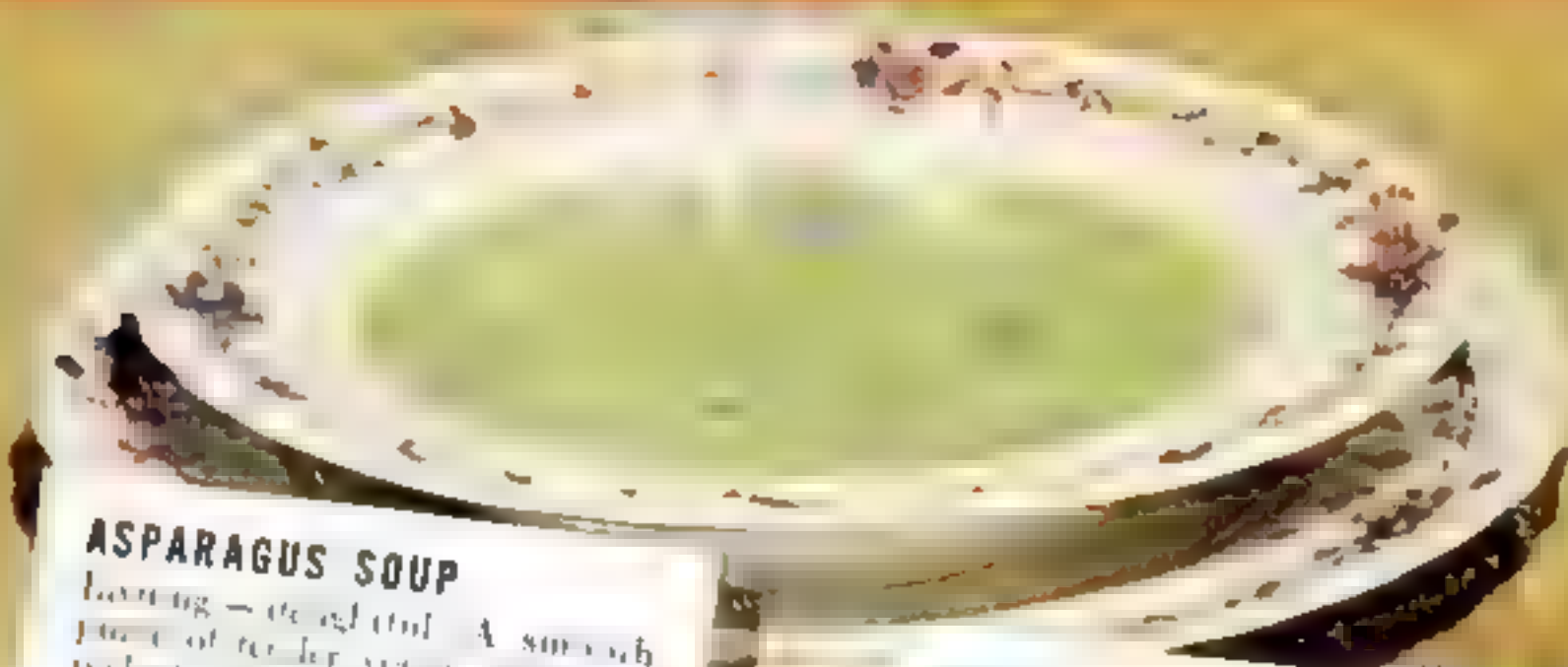
"Company's Coming for Dinner!"

HELP WANTED! When a party's on hand and you're wondering what you can have that everyone will like, remember this: The first course has a great deal to do with the success of any dinner. Smart women have discovered this and that's why, time after time, they start the dinner with a well chosen soup.

Just about everyone likes good soup, so when you serve it as the first course, you'll find your guests taking a lively

interest in the meal right away. And once it is off to a bright start, with everyone really enjoying it, the rest of your dinner is sure to go smoothly.

Here are three grand party soups that are sure to be welcomed by all—Campbell's Tomato Soup, Campbell's Asparagus Soup, and Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. Keep them handy, and call on one or the other next time you have "company coming for dinner".



ASPARAGUS SOUP

Lighting — delightful. A smooth, pure, of tender, crisp asparagus, picked just as it is in the best Campbell's garden, is with the best of the best, picked up with gentle hands, in a hot, selected asparagus for an extra treat.

TOMATO SOUP

Tasteful soup, made of extra-luscious tomatoes and most tender better, will always start a dinner sweetly. Folks know I like it, welcome it. It's the most popular soup in the world!

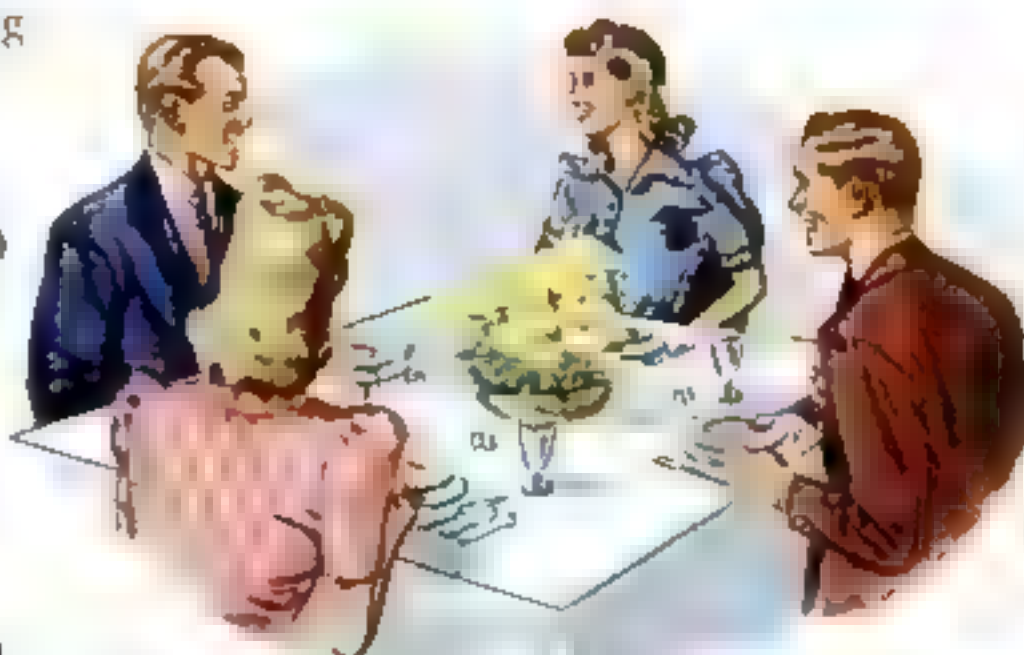


CREAM OF MUSHROOM

A grand party soup — it's becoming more popular every day! Campbell's is the best, made with the best of the best, picked up with gentle hands, in a hot, selected mushroom for an extra treat.

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM . . . Tempting, nourishing soups that are sure to please family or guests.

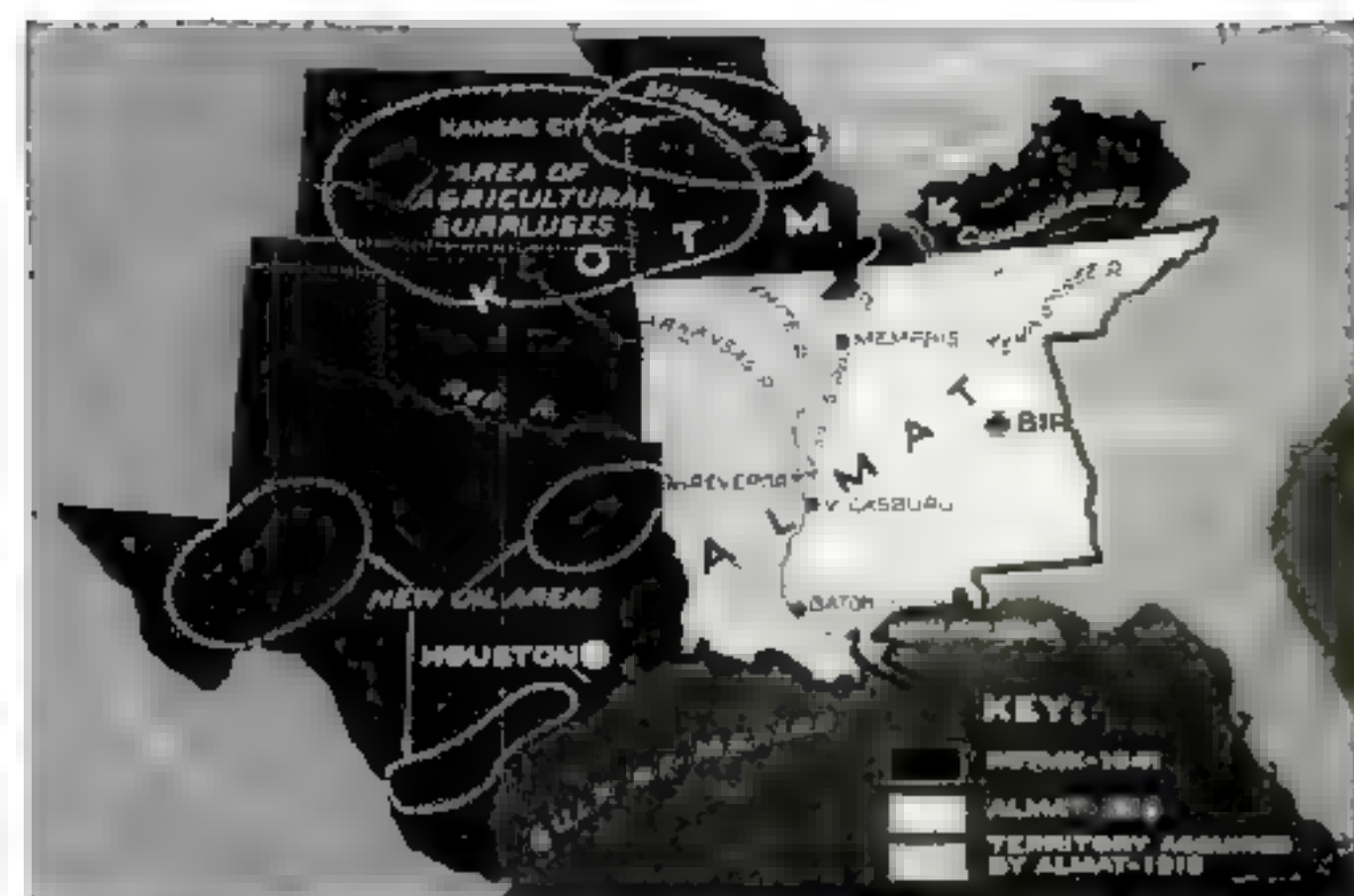
Asparagus	Chicken Noodle	Pea
Bean with Bacon	Clam Chowder	Pepper Pot
Beef	Consommé	Potato, Cream of (new)
Black Bean (new)	Consommé Madrilène	Scotch Broth
Bouillon	Consommé Printanier	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Vegetable
Chicken	Mushroom, Cream of	Vegetarian Vegetable
Chicken Gumbo	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef



Campbell's SOUPS



SEE OR 47 RED AND WHITE LABEL



Peace of 1919 gave Arkansas and Louisiana (in gray) to the mythical republic of Almat. Note importance of Mississippi River and its tributaries for inland shipping of Kotmk agricultural surpluses from northwestern Kotmk to Gulf of Mexico ports.

POLITICAL FICTION PEPS UP WAR GAMES IN SOUTH

"KOTMK" BLITZES "ALMAT" TO GET MISSISSIPPI

by MAJOR R. A. GRIFFIN, U. S. A.

The U. S. Second Army, under the command of Lieutenant General Ben Lear, this week is fighting a big sham war in Arkansas. Warming up for the largest practime maneuvers in U. S. history, General Lear's six divisions of more than 100,000 men have been split into two main forces, one attacking and one defending, with control of the Mississippi River as the prize. On Sept. 15 they will re-form to fight the Third Army in Louisiana.

The Second Army is getting a real war done of mud, sun, dust, fatigue and insects this week. To keep their interest high, their officers have concocted a fictional war situation for dead-earnest shamming. In place of the old Reds vs. Blues setup, the opposing forces this year represent the imaginary sovereign states of Kotmk (Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Kentucky) and Almat (Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee) involved in political and economic disputes reminiscent of the opening days of World War II. The following is a condensation of a Second Army press officer's account of the background for war between "Kotmk" and "Almat."

It is August 1941. Tension between Kotmk and Almat has been growing. In the background is the irredentism of Kotmk over the loss in 1919 of the provinces of Arkansas and Louisiana.

It was early in 1918 that Almat declared war upon Kotmk and launched the Almat armies in a swift campaign that decisively defeated the forces of



Peace demonstration in New Orleans is broken up by police on the wild night of Aug. 16, 1941, after King of Sweden offered to intercede in the dispute. Demonstrations in Memphis, Nashville, Mobile and elsewhere throughout Almat were more successful.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sensational New Revlon discovery!

SEAL-FAST. 5-way aid to lovelier nails



1. Cuts drying time of nail polish in half!

2. Gives diamond-like brilliance and hardness!

3. Makes polish more resistant to chipping and peeling!

4. Brushed over polish and under the tips, it supports and encourages l-o-n-g nails.

5. SEAL-FAST helps protect your nails.

This sensational new SEAL-FAST is a clear liquid applied immediately after the final coat of nail polish. It's what you've wanted, needed, hoped for . . . ever since your first manicure. This Revlon discovery not only helps banish embarrassing "Fingertip-Fidgets" (that awkward fussing over badly groomed nails), but actually means longer, lovelier nails. Ask your manicurist for SEAL-FAST with your next manicure. Or hurry, get a bottle at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter today!

60¢

Revlon

©Copr. 1941 by Revlon Prod. Corp.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS NAME IN NAIL ENAMEL

Your photography season doesn't end Labor Day, does it?



1. Summer pictures are only the beginning! You can now take snapshots all year, indoors and out, day or night—pictures of parties, your home, your place of work, your school. Just be sure you use superfast Agfa Superpan Press Film!



2. News photographers consider Superpan Press the most sensitive film obtainable. Made in a size to fit your camera, it helps you get good flash or flood-lamp pictures every time. And remember: only Agfa guarantees, "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"



3. There's nothing expensive, nothing difficult about taking good night and indoor shots. Get a \$9.45 Agfa Pioneer Camera, or its de luxe companion, the Agfa Chief at \$4.45. Each has an automatically synchronized flash unit for only \$1.25 extra! See your dealer soon. Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York.



AGFA  **FILM**
MADE IN U.S.A.

Kotmk vs. Almat (continued)



Kotmk border police hold up an Almatian businessman to search his luggage in a car. This was first of Kotmk's unfriendly acts after Premier Kodunkis lost patience over the Mississippi negotiations and threatened to withdraw his commissioners.

the larger country. In the peace of 1919 Kotmk was forced to cede Arkansas and Louisiana as the spoils of war. Kotmk engineers had only recently begun to develop the large Louisiana oil fields. It was largely this development that caused the envious neighboring country to launch its war of aggression. Even more severe was the loss to Kotmk of control of the Mississippi River and of its great seaport city of New Orleans, the largest and most prosperous city of that country.

This acquisition of immense territory, itself almost one-half as large as the previous country of Almat, and of rich spoils in wealth brought to Almat a prosperity greater than that country had ever known. There was rapid industrial development, and within a few years various industrial abuses led to a powerful union movement that soon was largely taken over by Communists. There was a greater separation than ever before between the wealthy classes of Almat and the laboring elements . . . a multiplicity of political parties . . . corruption in the government and the army. The arrogance of Almatians who settled in Arkansas and Louisiana had fostered a growing underground movement for liberation.

Kotmk was still a powerful nation. New oil fields in Texas more than made up the loss of Louisiana oil. Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, Kansas City, St. Louis, were developing new and vital industrial activities. With its tremendous oil production in Texas and Oklahoma, its Texas ports, its growing merchant fleets, Kotmk maintained a considerable balance of trade in its favor. The bone of contention, however, was the combination of difficulties encountered by Kotmk in transportation by inland waterways to the Gulf, although the treaty of 1919 had provided special concessions. This matter was of vital concern to Kotmk due to the vast agricultural surpluses that had to be handled out of Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky. There was also the fear that the day might come when Almat might seek to secure its northern frontier by incorporation of the province of Kentucky.

During the years following the war Kotmk had undertaken the reconstruction of a powerful land army. There were rumors in Almat of secret maneuvers in sparsely populated areas in Texas . . . of new weapons . . . a new type of military boat . . . amphibian tanks in the Ozark Lakes. The



Mississippi River fisherman, returning late at night by rowboat from Hickman, Ky., hides in a river slough to watch Kotmk secret "lucelle boats" glide noiselessly on water at high speed. Kotmk is rehearsing for long-anticipated invasion of Almat.



Almatian troop trains, crossing over the Mississippi at Memphis on their way to ill-fated "routine" maneuvers in southern Arkansas, bore chalked markings such as "Bring on the Okies!" "Kodunkis is the Bunkis!" "We're going to get a Texas Ranger!"

state offered financial rewards for large families. The young people of Kotmk were enrolled in semi-military organizations until old enough for the army. This was the background of the situation between the two countries as of Aug. 1, 1941.

On Aug. 7, before a restive National Assembly at Houston, Premier Kodunkis of Kotmk denounced the "childish and vindictive obstructions" of Almat in negotiating guarantees for Kotmk inland shipping. President Oose-nay of Almat refused to comment. On Aug. 9 the Kotmk commission withdrew. Travelers crossing international bridges and highways were subjected to long delays (see drawing on p. 32). Almat nationals were reported arrested in Kentucky and Missouri. The mayor of Little Rock ordered a practice blackout. The lights in the Almat War Office Building in Birmingham were burning all night.

On Aug. 11 the Almatian police were said to be rounding up hundreds of former citizens of Kotmk in the frontier district. There was more than a suspicion that the wild rumors in Almat were being fostered by agents of the Kotmk government. The President of Almat sent a message to the Premier of Kotmk suggesting a personal meeting. In Kotmk the attitude of official spokesmen was one of calm confidence and assurance; in Almat there was a display of nervousness and concern.

On the 13th, Almat clamped down press censorship. The General Staff, following rumors of concentration of Kotmk forces in Texas and Oklahoma, ordered maneuvers of the Second Almatian Army in western Arkansas. Informed circles said this decision was forced by politicians under fire by their constituents.

On Aug. 16 the King of Sweden offered his services as mediator. Great peace demonstrations took place throughout Almat (see drawing on p. 31). The government of Kotmk ordered all air travel between Kotmk and Almat stopped at once. Two days later three Kotmk planes were sighted inside the Almat frontier near Fort Smith. A Tennessee fisherman saw 14 huge black boats "that looked like beetles." Senator Speeler said: "Let us sheathe the sword that would destroy our youth. Let us not bring tears to the eyes of a million mothers." The Kotmk-Almat border was closed.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Kotmk aerial bombs wreck a Mississippi bridge in the lightning attack of Aug. 25. The troops of the Almatian Army that had crossed a few days before are now entirely cut off from escape to the east as pincers closes in on them from north and west.

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!



Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.



Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: Wait a minute! Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how good PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!



The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLLOGG & IN BATTLE CREEK

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FREE!

TO EVERY MAN WHO SHAVES DAILY

A Special Shaving Preparation That Needs No Brush—Not Sticky or Greasy

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

We're so positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. On this **FREE** trial we rest our case. Don't delay—send the coupon today for your free tube of Glider. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

Ernest B. Hurlbut
PRESIDENT

TEAR THIS OUT NOW!

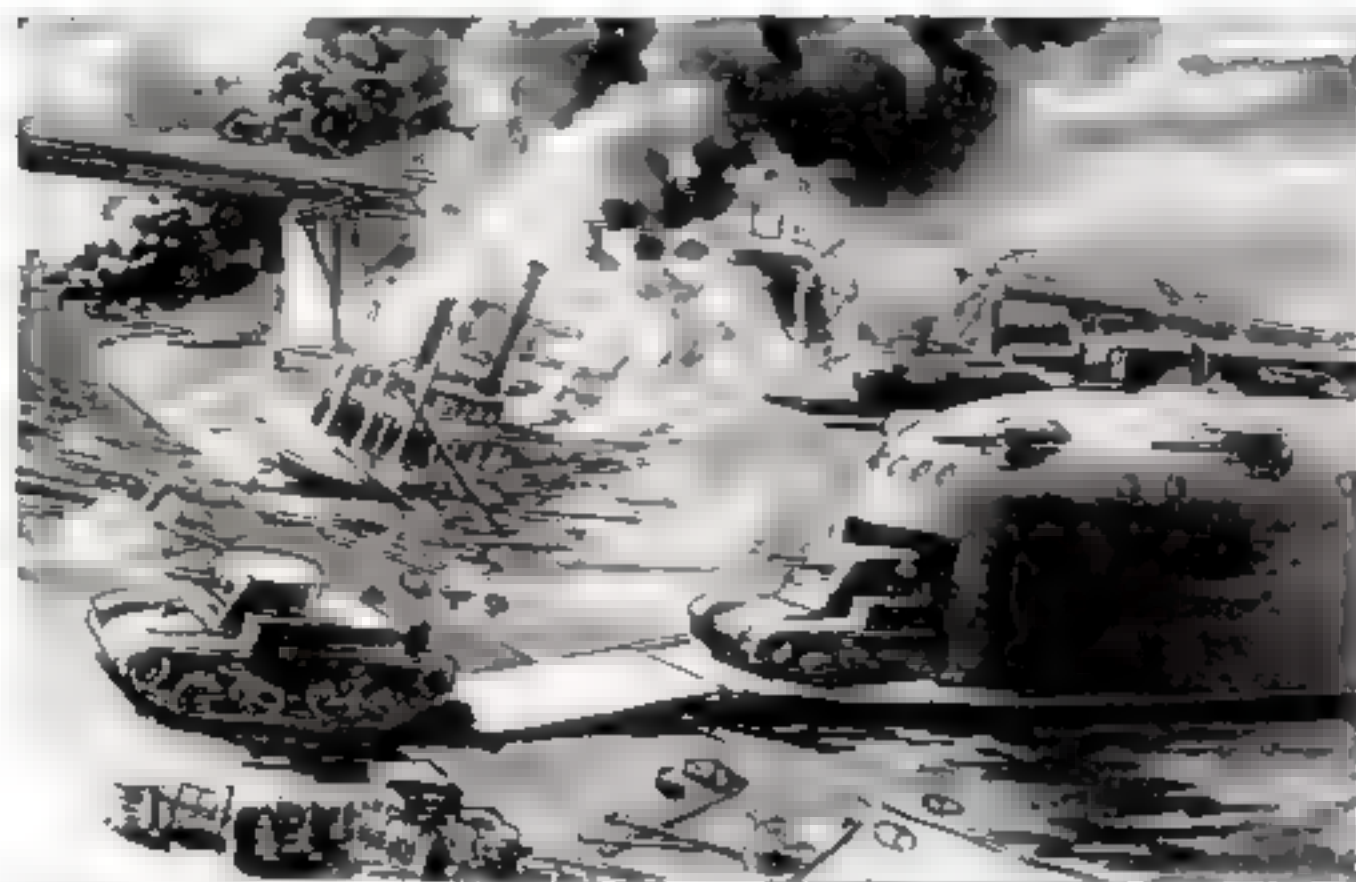
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-16
Glastonbury, Conn.
Please rush me a free tube of Glider.

Name

Address

City State

Kotmk vs. Almat (continued)



Sinister beetle boats of Kotmk army unleash a withering attack on an Almatian river port. Destroying all enemy shipping (note ferryboat burning), they disgorge big tanks and land supplies onshore to establish a secure bridgehead for further advances.

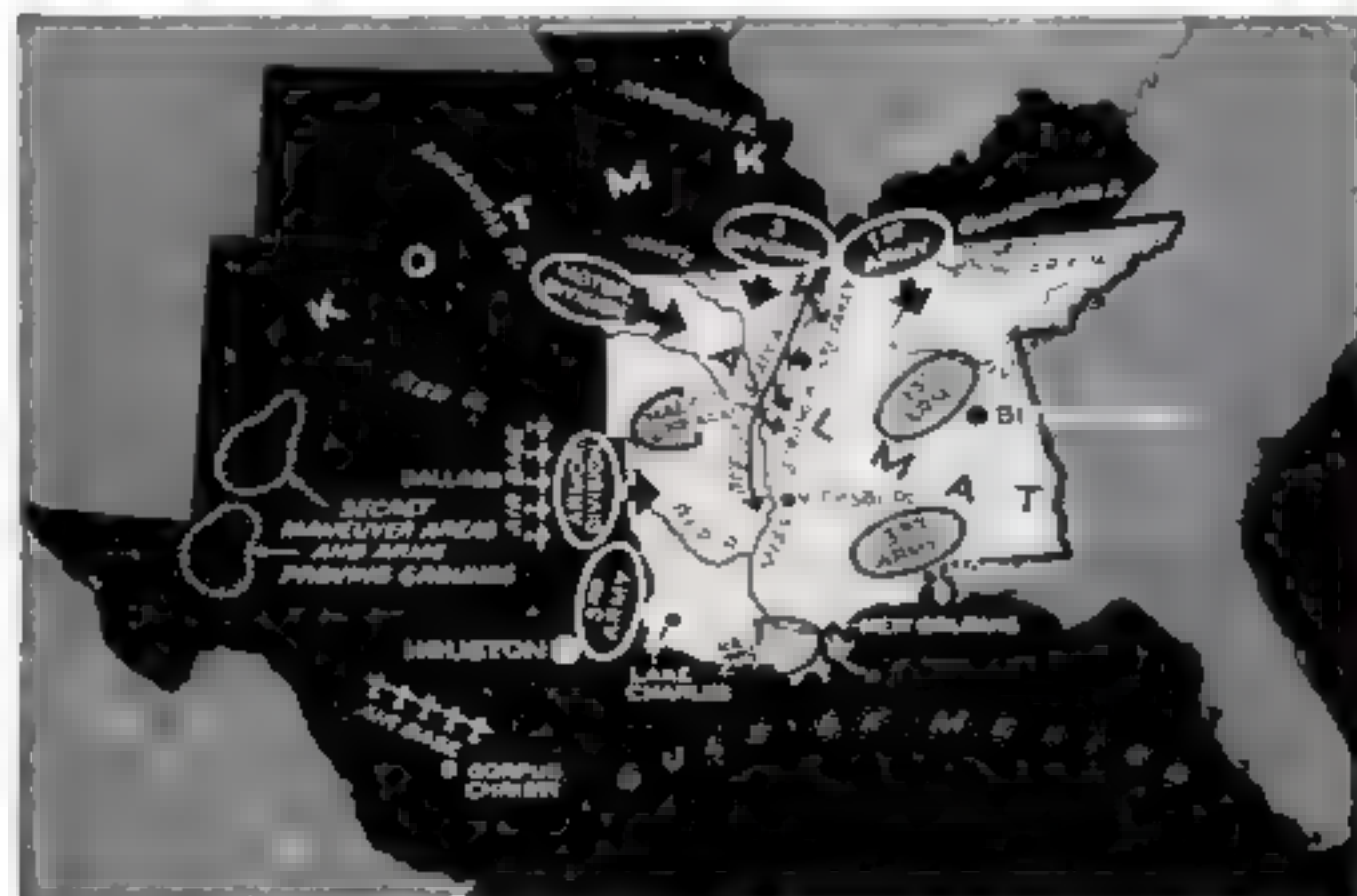
Troop trains and transport columns caused great confusion on the railroads and highways of Almat.

On Aug. 20 a spokesman at the Almat War Office in Birmingham said: "Despite attacks in the Leftist press and the criticism of persons who have no military knowledge, we are prepared for any eventuality." Trains and motorized forces were still rolling over the bridge at Memphis on this day (see drawing on p. 31). In the vicinity of Prescott, in southern Arkansas, milled scores of thousands of men who acted as though they were on a holiday, though they had been issued ball ammunition.

The hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen could be heard in the Western Hemisphere when Premier Kodunkis mounted a beflagged platform in the National Assembly on Aug. 22, to the roaring of the cheers of a parliament that was mostly in uniform. The diplomatic gallery was full. Conspicuous in a distinguished galaxy of diplomats was the pale-faced, harassed ambassador from Almat. "We face the reality of war," said the dynamic leader of the Western Nationalist Party, "and we are ready." Several of the highest generals among the younger group at the Almatian War Office demanded that troops en route to the maneuver area in southern Arkansas should be withdrawn to positions east of the Mississippi River immediately.

Aug. 21 and 22 were explosive days. The mayor and chief of police of Fort Smith were seized by fifth columnists. The Second Army troops in Arkansas were ordered to return to Louisiana.

Aug. 23. War struck today! In attacks of ferocious intensity, Kotmk struck across the frontiers of Arkansas and Tennessee. Kotmk planes destroyed hundreds of Almatian planes on the ground, wiped out all bridges across the Mississippi north of Baton Rouge (see drawing on p. 31). "Beetle boats" smashed river strong points (see drawing on p. 32). Parachutists dropped by thousands on Tennessee. Motorized troops moved down the Arkansas River. Three divisions struck from Missouri into Arkansas. An armored division moved from Dallas toward Shreveport. The First Kotmk Army struck from Kentucky deep into Tennessee toward the Almat First Army northwest of Birmingham. The Third Kotmk Army drove from Texas toward New Orleans, immobilizing the Third Almatian Army at Mobile, which could not send troops to the aid of either half of the split Second Army without risking the other half. The Kotmk staff had taken advantage of the strategic blunder in isolating half the Almat Second Army in Arkansas. Nothing but a miracle could save Almat.



As war began on Aug. 25, 1941, a Kotmk pincers movement drove down the Mississippi, and from the west, to isolate and destroy the half of the Second Almatian Army on maneuvers. The First and Third Almatian Armies are powerless to come to its aid.

Cool AS AN
OCEAN BREEZE

Nesbitt's CALIFORNIA ORANGE

THE FOUNTAIN FAVORITE FOR YEARS

ONIONS GO HIGH HAT!

Try COLMAN'S
Onions Au Gratin

Melt 4 tbsps. butter, add 4 tbsps. flour, blend well. Add 2 cups milk, 1/2 tsp. French's Pepper, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. French's Celery Salt, 1 cup cheese cut fine, 1 tsp. Colman's (dry) Mustard. Cook until creamy, stirring frequently. Add 2 cups cooked onions. Pour into buttered shallow baking dish, garnish with 1/4 tsp. French's Paprika and bake for 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serves 4.

A REAL CHEF'S DISH—**Colman's Mustard**

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET

Atlantis Sales Corp., Sole Distributor, 3497
Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y. Please send me
12 new Colman's recipes.

Name

Address

*"High Priced?
You bet!"*

"This lighter, milder leaf costs plenty—but Luckies pay the price to get it!" says Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer of Kinston, N. C.

The enjoyment you get *out* of your cigarette depends on the kind of tobacco that goes *into* it.

So why not smoke a cigarette you *know* contains finer tobaccos...especially when you can do so at no greater cost to yourself?

All through Tobaccoland, Luckies pay higher prices to bring you the milder, better-tasting leaf. Independent tobacco experts know this is true.

It's no wonder these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—prefer Luckies themselves, by a margin of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

Luckies' finer tobaccos will make a world of difference in your own smoking enjoyment.

Try them for yourself, and see!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

◆ Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

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From that day on, William's ears grew smaller

UNTIL I WAS 17, William Jenkins was just another boy with big ears.

But on the morning of my seventeenth birthday (it was a Sunday), William rang our front doorbell, mumbled a word or two in the parlor, and gave me a bouquet of roses.

That year I got a white muff, my first hat with feathers on it, and a pink organdy party dress. But the flowers were the biggest thrill of all. From that day on, William's ears seemed to grow smaller. For a woman, even a 17-year old one, knows that *flowers* on her birthday aren't just another present.

They're a gift from a sensitive person who wants to tell you something that sounds clumsy when it's framed in words. Birthday flowers say, "I like you"—or "I love you"—or "You've been awfully nice to me"—and the woman who gets them always knows exactly what you mean.

Since birthdays are so special and flowers are so special, it seems a shame that a woman should

ever have one without having the other. But I suspect that many a man, who's like William in his heart (I know his heart pretty well after 41 years), is a little bit afraid of being sentimental. If you're a man, don't be afraid. Women love men best who have a sentimental streak a mile wide.

*When your heart says "remember"
—nothing takes the place of flowers!*

It's inexpensive and easy to send flowers anywhere—in town or thousands of miles away. The next time you want to say happy birthday—brighten a dreary sickroom—tell someone you're glad she's had a baby—"Say it with flowers!"

Just phone or go to the nearest flower shop displaying the F.T.D. emblem. Give the florist the order. He does the rest. He sees that fresh, beautiful flowers are promptly delivered—whether the destination is in the next block or in the far reaches of the United States or Canada, or a distant country.

Be sure the shop is an F.T.D. shop. F.T.D.

means that the florist is a member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association; and each member has to *prove* he carries top-quality flowers, gives top-quality service before he can join F.T.D. 7,000 member shops in United States and Canada. Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

**WIRE FLOWERS THROUGH AUTHORIZED
F. T. D. MEMBER SHOPS**



**LOOK FOR THIS F. T. D. EMBLEM BEFORE YOU BUY. IT
IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF COMPLETE SATISFACTION.**

Copyright (1941), Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association



NEON-LIGHTED PAGODA DOMINATES PLAZA OF LOS ANGELES' GILDED NEW CHINATOWN



CHINESE DRUM MAJORETTE LEADS CHINATOWN BAND WITH A FLOURISH OF CYMBALS

HOLLYWOOD STARS HELP LOS ANGELES CELEBRATE CHINA RELIEF FESTIVAL

Promoters of good causes know by long experience that no group of U. S. citizens can outdo, in generosity and enthusiasm, the successful young people of Hollywood. For United China Relief they outdid themselves. With the Los Angeles committee of U. C. R. on the nights of Aug. 7, 8 and 9, stars, starlets, producers and press agents marshaled 4,000 residents of Los Angeles' three Chinatowns in celebration of the greatest party in that sprawling city's history.

Occasion was the joyous Moon Festival, by which China's agrarian millions have heralded their har-

vests for centuries. From Old Chinatown, through China City into the neon-lighted plaza of New Chinatown, a gorgeous procession danced and chanted each night. At barricades that blocked the Chinatown streets, 100,000 people paid 50¢ admission to behold rituals proper to the season, dance recitals, plays and exhibitions of Chinese athletic prowess, and to cheer the personal appearances of favorite movie stars. When the last quarter has been shaken out of the folds of the huge processional flags, a \$100,000 net promises to rank the Moon Festival as Los Angeles' warmest response to a non-local charitable cause.

GOOD LUCK DRAGON, SYMBOL OF CHINA'S SUMMER RAINS, STAMPS AND WEAVES THROUGH PLAZA OF NEW CHINATOWN. EACH NIGHT 48 HOLLYWOOD STARS RODE IN PROCESSION



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Moon Festival (continued)



GEORGE RAFT AND BETTY GRABLE, IN FESTIVAL PROCESSION, BLINK AT FLASH BULBS



COMEDIANS MARIE WILSON AND MISCHA AUER ARE PERFECT PICTURE OF COMPOSURE



JACK BENNY AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT RIDE POSTILION THROUGH CHINATOWN CROWDS



CHARLES BOYER AND IRENE DUNNE PRODUCE PLEASANT SMILES FOR MILLING CROWD.



COBINA WRIGHT JR. AND ANNA MAY WONG COLLABORATE AS MISTRESSES-OF-CEREMONY FOR PARADE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN CHINESE DRESSES ON NEW CHINATOWN'S BEAUTIES

ALOMA...LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!

The glint of bronzed bodies in the sun...the whispering of palms blending with a lover's kiss, a maiden's sigh—this was their paradise until jealous nature unleashed all her terrible fury to challenge the power of their love!

DOROTHY LAMOUR · JON HALL

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

THE EVERETT

with **Lynne Overman · Philip Reed · Katherine deMille**
Fritz Leiber · Dona Drake

DIRECTED BY

ALFRED SANTELL

Screen Play by Frank Butler · Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward · Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak
from the Play by LeRoy Clements and John B. Hymer

THRILL to the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding—never before seen by white men!

THRILL as the giant volcano rages, harving a civilization under its white-hot lava!

THRILL to a hundred sleeve-eyed maidens dancing to the sinuous music of a South Seas love song!

THRILL to lovely Dorothy Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of Tahiti" to the man she loves!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



G E

THE MAKER

A good life work *for any man*

You'll find quite a few grizzled veterans among the country's automobile dealers.

In their business lifetime, the automobile has grown from a rich man's luxury and a mechanic's toy to the finest and most dependable personal transportation ever known to mankind.

They have seen habits change, horizons grow, living expand as cars grew more convenient, more reliable and more useful.

To grow along with it hasn't been easy. They've had to do more than sell cars—they have developed trained service staffs to keep cars in operation, no matter how many years they are driven.

They have helped create a whole new business—the used-car business—which provides a market for the man with a car to dispose of, and a place to buy for folks who want to make a little transportation money go a long way.

They have taught many a beginner how to drive, have helped young people “budget-buy” their first automobile, have been friend, guide and counselor to countless neighbors in many different ways.

And over the years they have been good businessmen too, providing for their own, giving employment and opportunity to others, meeting pay rolls, paying taxes, owning property—businessmen doing their full share in local community affairs.

Thus to General Motors, as to their friends and acquaintances in their home towns, they are truly partners in progress.

And so as they look back now over their own careers and on into the future, they may well say, “This is a good life work for any man.”

GENERAL **M**MOTORS



CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • CADILLAC



SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

...whether it's from the heart of the forest or the exhaust of a car



How often you've driven behind a car with a smoking exhaust pipe!

Did you ever stop to think what's behind that smoke?

Few of us do, but smoke is a great telltale.

It can mean wear! It can mean waste... of gas, oil and power. It can mean that costly repairs are needed.

Wear...waste...repairs! Why not take this simple precaution against them—*before* your car becomes a "smoker" from excess wear, change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil.

Being insulated by a special Texaco process, Havoline resists heat, the greatest enemy of oil.

Insulated Havoline stands up and protects your

engine, long after ordinary oils break down and cause excessive wear.

What's more, Insulated Havoline is distilled to take out hidden impurities that form harmful carbon.

Why not change to Insulated Havoline right now? At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



**DON'T WAIT
TILL YOUR CAR SMOKES**

Every day on the road you see a lot of cars with smoking exhausts. (There are 3,000,000 in America today.) Change to Insulated Havoline before needless wear makes your car a "smoker."

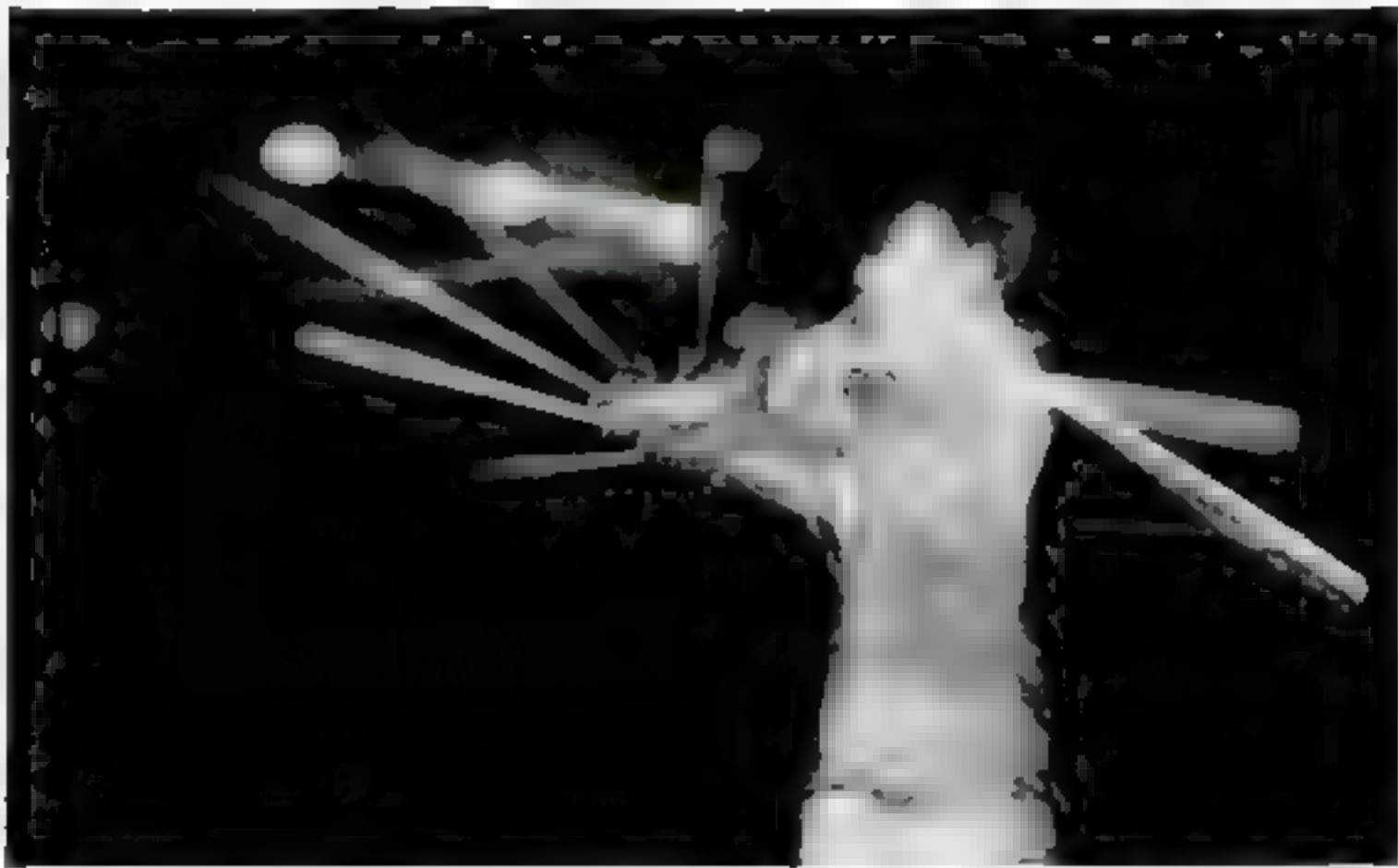
TUNE IN: "MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE"—All star radio program every Wednesday night. C. B. S., 9:00 P. M. E. T., 8:00 P. M. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

WILLIAMS OF RED SOX IS BEST HITTER

The most sensationally consistent hitter in big league baseball is a gangling, 22-year-old outfielder named Ted Williams of the Red Sox (see front cover). With most of the season behind him, Williams' hefty .400 plus average is almost certain insurance that he will ease into the American League batting title.

Williams is a great hitter for three reasons: eyes, wrists and forearms. He has what ballplayers call "camera eyes" which allow him to focus on a pitched ball as it zooms down its 60-ft. path from the pitcher's hand, accurately judge its intended path across the plate, and reach for it. He even claims he can see the ball and bat meet. The rest of his formula is never to stop swinging. On and off the field he constantly wields a bat to keep the spring in his powerful wrists. Even when he is in the outfield he sometimes keeps waving his arms in a batting arc. And, more than most other great batters, he keeps his body out of his swing, puts all his drive into his forearms.

Here on these pages are high-speed pictures taken by Gjon Mili which show the great co-ordination of these factors, the split-second release of power which enables Ted to hit safely four out of every ten times he comes to bat.



REPETITIVE-FLASH PICTURE SHOWS TED REACHING FOR A HIGH ONE HITTING IT



1 WAITING FOR BALL, WILLIAMS STANDS MOTIONLESS



2 AS BALL NEARS PLATE HE GETS READY FOR SWING



3 JUDGING PATH OF THE BALL WILLIAMS CONNECTS



4 WILLIAMS KEEPS EYES FOCUSED ON THE HIT BALL



5 HIS POWER RELEASED WILLIAMS FOLLOWS THROUGH



6 HE CLOSES EYES ONLY AFTER FINISHING THE SWING

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*** IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ***

More Power to the Firing Line!



THE Apache, pursuit ship built by North American Aviation Inc., and her sister ship, the Mustang of the RAF, have demonstrated rare speed and firing power in tests. Both are powered with Allison liquid-cooled engines.

That means they are *completely* streamlined for fast and powerful action, thanks to the engine's in-line design, and to the hand-in-glove efforts of our Army and aircraft industry, which jointly developed this power plant to help make America's planes the world's outstanding performers.

Allison

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES



DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

Ted Williams (continued)

BATTER'S WRISTS MUST BE STRONG, SUPPLE



Williams takes a long hold on his bat, grasping it at the very end. He has powerful arms and hands which he keeps in condition by doing push-ups every morning.



As swing starts, Williams' wrists are firm but ready to break. That is, as soon as he hits the ball, wrists will bend sharply to get all possible power into follow through.



Williams' supple wrists are well broken as soon as he connects. If wrists were kept in firm starting position, all his hitting power would stop when ball and bat met.



another *Kellogg* "first"

10 generous packages...
6 different cereals....
 in one compact carton!



Copy, 1941 by Kellogg Company

3 *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

America's favorite ready-to-eat cereal.

2 *Kellogg's* RICE KRISPIES

So crisp they snap! crackle! pop! in cream.

2 *Kellogg's* PEP

Vitamins give you pep! Kellogg's Pep gives you vitamins

1 *Kellogg's* SHREDDED WHEAT

Toasted by a special process to bring out the whole wheat flavor.

1 *Kellogg's* WHEAT KRISPIES

Crisp, delicious flakes with the sweet wheat flavor.

1 *Kellogg's* KRUMBLES

Golden, toasted shreds of nourishing whole wheat.

The crowning achievement of thirty-five years of experience in cereal-making

In 1906, Kellogg's toasted Corn Flakes was introduced to the public

Then, as America turned more and more from heavy, humdrum breakfasts to lighter, more appealing fare, it turned naturally to Kellogg for a greater variety of ready-to-eat cereals

From time to time Kellogg developed and introduced *new* cereals, made from other grains, in other forms.

As the largest and most experienced maker of ready-to-eat cereals in the world, Kellogg has introduced another "first"—the "Variety" Package containing six famous cereals, *each the finest of its kind!*

YOUR GROCER IS FEATURING KELLOGG'S NEW VARIETY PACKAGE
 LOOK FOR HIS DISPLAY

Not for one costume...but for many...

Naturalizer

SHOES FOR FALL



HARMONY



NOELLE

Shoes with an "open" look for that light, gay touch that complements either tailored or formal clothes. *Harmony*—open at the toes, with twinkling gun-metal stitching. *Noelle*—opened at the front, in dainty lattice pattern.



CABARET



LUCERNE

Two superbly tailored shoes with light, feminine accents—to carry you through the day no matter what you wear. *Cabaret*—a trim little pump, with a ladylike bow. *Lucerne*—a hug-me-tight tie with soft, dressmaker details.



MASQUE



LEAH

Two shoes of sure distinction, for wear with black, brown and all the fall colors. *Masque*—a smooth fitting step-in, low in the heel, high in front. *Leah*—a foot-slumping pump, high in the heel, low in front.



You CAN WEAR any of these suede Naturalizers with so many things. The secret of their versatility is two things . . . a smart simplicity of styling that gives a quiet distinction to tailored clothes and an air of importance to "dress-up" clothes . . . the perfect, glove-like fit that makes such simple designing *sophisticated*.

Naturalizers cling at the heel, hug at the sides, give room for your toes—an exclusive "no slip—no gap—no pinch" construction that gives Naturalizers an expensive look at inexpensive price. Every style is planned for coordination to the season's smartest costumes. Sizes to 10, widths AAAA to C.

For name of Naturalizer store near you, see list below—or write us. BLUE RIBBON SHOEMAKERS, division of Brown Shoe Company, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

Six Seventy-Five

SLIGHTLY HIGHER HEEL WEST

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Augusta, Ga., J. B. White Co.
Baltimore, Md., Fashion Shoe Shop, The Hub
Baton Rouge, La., Rosenfeld's
Birmingham, Ala., Parisian
Boise, Idaho, Whillock's
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Co.
Buffalo, New York, Rint & Kent
Canton, Ohio, Bon Marche
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Higgen's
Charleston, S. Carolina, Kerrison's
Charleston, W. Va., Coyle & Richardson
Charlotte, N. Carolina, Al Goodman's
Chattanooga, Tenn., Loveman's
Chicago, Ill., O'Connor & Goldberg
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Nashville, Tenn., Cain-Sloan Co.
Newark, New Jersey, L. Bomberger & Co.
Newport News, Va., Nodman's

New York, New York, Stern Bros.
Oakland, Calif., Ungers Shoes
Oklahoma City, Okla., Clow-Stone Shoe Co.
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Orlando, Fla., The Shoe Box
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Pittsfield, Mass., England Brothers
Portland, Ore., The Bedell Co.
Richmond, Va., Thalimer's
Roanoke, Va., Propst-Childress Shoe Co.
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Sacramento, Calif., Green-Hayden Co.
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Spokane, Wash., Savon Shoe Shop
Springfield, Ill., The Bootery - Prillman Bros.
Steubenville, Ohio, The Hub
Tallahassee, Fla., Miller's Bootery
Tampa, Fla., O. Folk's
Toledo, Ohio, Chisholm Boot Shops, Inc.
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Washington, D. C., S. Kann Sons Co.
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Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Pomeroy's Inc.

Don't spend your life two feet from happiness



Showing off for company, Regina Giddens (Bette Davis, on sofa) orders her daughter and sister-in-law to play some after-dinner music in her gmcrazy Southern parlor. On Regina's

right sits a rich guest from the North whom Regina and her two ambitious brothers hope to interest in a big business deal. The young man seated at left is Regina's rascally nephew.



A railroad station farewell is played by Regina's daughter (Teresa Wright) and her suitor who rushes down to see her off in his nightshirt. She is traveling to her sick father in Baltimore.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Little Foxes

Famed stage hit makes fine film for Bette Davis

Once or twice a year a few major Hollywood studios gamble on producing "a prestige picture." With no certainty of earning money, it is made because the picture is so good that, win or lose, it brings prestige to its producer. Last year such films included *The Long Voyage Home*, *Our Town*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, none of which were money makers. This year another candidate for the prestige list is Sam Goldwyn's *The Little Foxes*. Commercially, its handicap is a powerful but stinging and unromantic story about a greedy Southern family. Its asset is the draw of Bette Davis in the star role.

To make *The Little Foxes* a superior film many hands pitched in. It was adapted by Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, from Lillian Hellman's 1939 stage hit. (It was Dorothy Parker, incidentally, who first suggested to Playwright Hellman her title from *The Song of Solomon: Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.*) In the part made famous by Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis goes about her business of swindling her brothers and killing her husband with immense competence. From the Broadway cast comes Patricia Collinge to give one of the year's best supporting performances as Bette's drunken sister-in-law. And also from Broadway comes bright Starlet Teresa Wright as Bette's daughter. But to Director William Wyler go first honors for turning a rather static play into a prestige picture that may fool everybody by being a box-office hit.

*"It took me two years to
get out of an elevator!"*



1. Up and down...up and down
...all night long I nurse that
animated bird-cage from main
floor to attic. Pushing little but-
tons on the wall! Saying
"Watch your step, Madam!"
Opening the gate and closing
it. You guess I fit, it gets tire-
some, but not that much.



2. Anyway, I get social life! Me and the
vice-president are just like that. He
stays late all the time, so we get talking.
You know, baseball, politics, that kind of
stuff. Finally, one night I ask him why
he works so late



3. He says coffee's to blame. The caffeine
in it keeps him awake. But he loves the
stuff, so drinks it, anyway. Then he
can't sleep. So he might as well work.
Imagine! Can't give up drinking coffee,
so he gives up sleeping!



4. So I tell him. We ride up and down
while I explain how you can drink Sanka
Coffee and still sleep, because it's 97%
caffeine-free. He looks doubtful. "Meet me
at Joe's Diner at quitting time," I says,
"and I'll prove it!"



5. Joe's my pal. He brings a can of Sanka
Coffee, and we find where it reads: "The
Council on Foods of the American Med-
ical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is
free from caffeine effect and can be used
when other coffee has been forbidden."



6. This V.P. tries a cup...two cups, in fact.
Next night he comes around beaming.
Says something about sleeping like a
lamb. Then he offers me a job in his
office. So—it's good-by bird-cage! Here-
after, I walk downstairs...and it's a treat!



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEINE-FREE

Makes delicious iced coffee

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced cof-
fee this summer. It's delightfully cooling
and refreshing...and it lets you sleep!

"The Little Foxes" (continued)



Fetching her father home, Alexandra, Regina's daughter, stops overnight in a hotel
with him because he is too ill from heart trouble for a long train ride. Here she con-
fesses grudgingly to her father (Herbert Marshall) that she is interested in her
young suitor: "Well, I did go on some walks with him. And three pines. Well,



Regina badgers her sick husband to give her \$75,000 so she can join her two broth-
ers in their business deal. Her husband knows now that she had him brought home
from the sanatorium, at the risk of his life, simply to worm the money out of him.
Day after day, Regina and her brothers enjoy and nag him, but he stubbornly re-



rently three and a half—the half that I gained! When she admits she has been rude to her young man, her father is dismayed to find that during his absence at the sanatorium Alexandra has acquired some of the arrogance of her beautiful mother. Says he: "Zettie, who has been teaching you to hurt the feelings of other people?"



fuses because he believes his wife is already rich enough. Here in his bedroom, after a long grilling session, he says, "There will be no more talking about this. I am sick of hearing about it. I have given my answer and that is all." Regina by the door refuses to go, says threateningly, "I think we'll have to talk about it, Horace."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HOW YOU TWINKLE, PRETTY STAR!



MERLE OBERON, star of the Alexander Korda production "LYDIA," says: "I don't think anything does more to create a sparkling impression than teeth that simply glisten... reason enough for me to use CALOX TOOTH POWDER!"

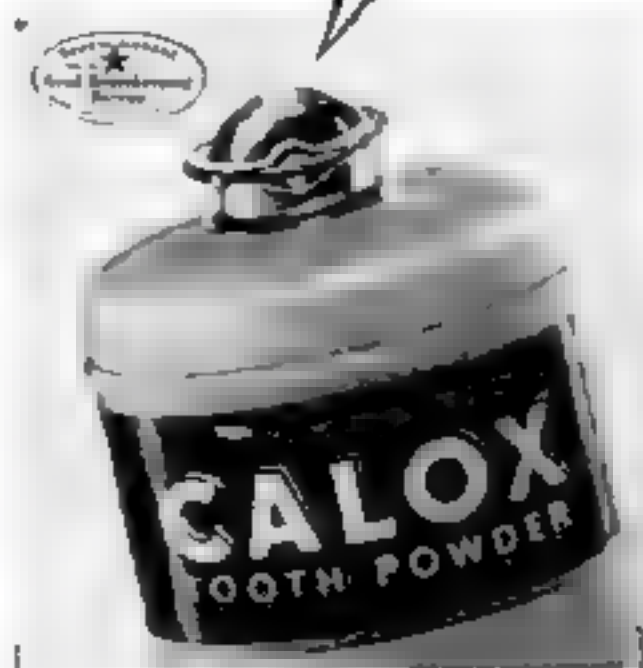


FANS ADORE Merle's look of exquisite perfection. So between takes, her hair gets a new "do." Her make-up gets attention. And her teeth? Well, you may be sure they get the finest care Hollywood can provide...



MERLE'S GLAMOR REGIME is planned to include daily exercise, sensible diet, frequent check-ups with her dentist. And for daily care, a dentifrice notable for its superb polishing action—Calox Tooth Powder.

Helps your teeth shine like the stars'
BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

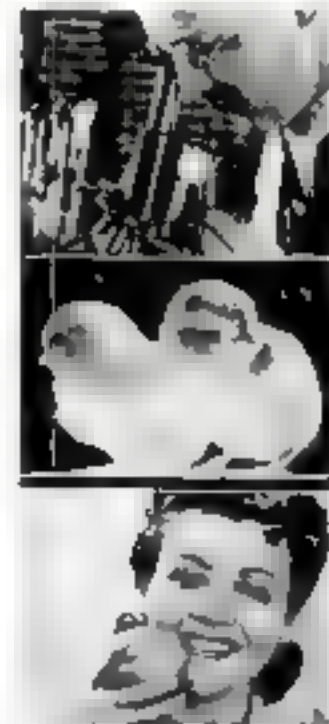


McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder... it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medicinal taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love Calox.





Regina's husband dies, after she has helped kill him by refusing to administer his medicine during a severe heart attack. Here behind the lamp at his bedside Regina stands, hard and impassive, as a doctor struggles to save the dying man. With his last strength, he raises his eyes longly—as his laughter, gives her a rage to escape from her cruel and heartless mother.

After the kill, Regina and her carnal brother take stock of the situation. Because no brother's son *ought* to do some of the devil man's security's from the bank, Regina is able to blackmail them all into giving her a 75% share of their new business. But the low fall of Regina is presaged when the brothers suggest that she may be charged with murdering her husband.



AMERICA'S SNAPSHOTS
HIT A NEW "HIGH"...



IT'S quite apparent that people are not only making more snapshots, but better ones: Snapshots that "live" . . . almost breathe. Give your Labor Day snapshots this reality, as others do, by using Kodak Verichrome Film.

Most snapshots are now made on Verichrome. Corrects small exposure errors, makes swell snapshots even when the sky is overcast, extends the "snapshot hours." Loaded with Verichrome, the average camera is a better camera.

Let this film help better your snaps

this Labor Day. Ask for, and see that you get, only Kodak Verichrome Film.

NEW ~ An Important Safety Margin: An exclusive "skiving" process provides, in all popular Kodak Film sizes, a safeguard against light leak along the edges of the film—an extra assurance of better pictures with Kodak Film . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

To those in Service Camps—and to the folks back home . . . Snapshots will keep you closer. Now, more than ever, you'll want to send back and forth the news of the new life in the Nation's service—and of the life at home—in the unforgettable form of snapshots.

The great snapshots are made on KODAK FILM

SEE THE LATEST MODEL KODAKS AND BROWNIES—AT YOUR DEALER'S

most of them are
made on **KODAK**
VERICHROME FILM



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



Thousands of "laboratory work-days" in every gallon of **SHELL** GASOLINE

ALWAYS THE MAIN ASSIGNMENT at the "University of Petroleum"—a more dynamic Shell Gasoline.

These Shell scientists have succeeded in advancing its Road Performance Rating (RPR) to an all-time high...

THERMAL CONVERSION makes it extra rich in *iso*-compounds similar to *iso*-octane—first produced commercially by Shell scientists to give America 100-octane aviation gasoline... fuel so powerful and efficient that it led to an increase in the speed and flying range of America's planes up to 30%!

This scientific advance saves on the costliest driving you do—Stop-and-Go. And increased RPR puts a new thrill in your motoring! Get high RPR Shell Gasoline (at regular price) or Shell Premium at your neighborhood Shell dealer's. Try a tankful today.





HARPO MARX AS A PROPERTY MAN IN A CHINESE PLAY, "THE YELLOW JACKET," POKES AN EXTRA STOOL UNDER ACTOR CLARENCE DERWENT SO HE MAY PERCH IN KINGLY POMP

SUMMER THEATER

IT HITS THE JACKPOT IN A RECORD-BREAKING
SEASON THAT IS BEING EXTENDED TO OCTOBER 1

"HAYLOFTS' HEY-HEY BIZ" is the front-page headline by which *Variety* a month ago spread the tidings that attendance records are being broken in straw-hat theaters. Currently, some 80 of them, mostly on the Eastern seaboard, are doing the "hey-hey biz," while such outposts of drama as Bucks County, Pa., and Maplewood, N. J. even plan to extend their seasons until Oct. 1 or later.

Summer theaters, now pretty standardized, serve a steady diet of Broadway hits (this year's favorite is *George Washington Slept Here*). The visiting-star system, which brings Tallulah Bankhead to a hayloft for \$1,500 a week, still prevails. Most interesting of the 150 shows produced so far this summer is *The Yellow Jacket* given at Marblehead, Mass. Scenes from it are reproduced here and on the next pages.



Fay Wray as Chee Moo fondles her baby boy represented by a gadget of bamboo sticks in the traditional manner of Chinese the-

ater. Even an American audience soon becomes used to such grotesque devices, and is moved by Chee Moo's love for her "baby."



Chee Moo climbs a ladder to heaven where a bearded spirit is waiting to welcome her. Below, watching her with con-

WOOLLCOTT & MARX WAIT 15 YEARS TO ACT IN "THE YELLOW JACKET"

It was 15 years ago that Alexander Woolcott, then a New York drama critic, took his friend Harpo Marx to see *The Yellow Jacket*, a Chinese fantasy that had already played around the world. One character in it especially delighted Woolcott. He was a Chinese property man who had nothing to do with the play, but sat on the stage handing props to the actors, looking supremely bored by the whole affair and never saying a word. During the show Woolcott said to Marx, "If you ever break up with your brothers and work alone, you ought to play that part."

This summer the Marx brothers did break up after making their last movie, *The Big Store*. Harpo sent Woolcott a wire saying: "I will, if you will." Woolcott wired back, "I will, if you will." So in August they met in Marblehead, Mass., 20 miles north of Boston, and under the management of the North Shore Players started to rehearse *The Yellow Jacket* in the American Legion Hall. From Broadway they had recruited an all-star cast. In a week the show opened in a high-school auditorium, sold out its 974

seats every night. Woolcott, with peacock feathers in his hat, gave himself the relatively small part of a Chinese master of ceremonies who toddled forth to announce the changes of scene. Harpo, true to form, said nothing as the Property Man, exchanged his red wig for a pigtail, and indulged in some fine accidental horseplay.

The Yellow Jacket was written in 1911 by two Americans, George Hazelton and Harry Benrimo, but it adheres perfectly to the spirit of an ancient Chinese play. Its hero almost freezes to death in a paper snowstorm. His mother dies and goes to heaven by the simple device of climbing a red ladder (above, center). Murder is committed in a highly symbolic fashion as shown by the pictures at right.

For acting in *The Yellow Jacket*, Marx and Woolcott each received \$400 a week, which is considerably less than their usual fee in other fields of entertainment. But they had a wonderful time doing it. Harpo would like to act it again on Broadway, but Woolcott is tied up with a lecture tour beginning Nov. 3.



A Chinese murder in *The Yellow Jacket* begins when murderer brandishes a wooden sword in front of his victim.



siderable interest, is Alexander Woolcott as the master of ceremonies who sits through the whole play smoking.



An attempted suicide by hanging is performed when Wu Hoo Git (Alfred Drake) ties a loose rope around his neck. Then the mas-

ter of ceremonies announces that Property Man holding bamboo pole depicts a willow tree, and the audience accepts the tragedy.



Murder is completed when Property Man holds a red flag in front of the victim. Then the victim walks off stage.



The victim's severed head, represented by a blood-red pillow, is now given to the murderer by Property Man Harpo Marx.



Peeking at the "head" in a tea container, the Property Man registers as much horror as if he were seeing the real thing.

EVER HOPEFUL, NEW SHOWS TRY FOR BROADWAY

The hopeful young lady below is Diana Barrymore as she appeared last month at the Ridgeway Theater in White Plains, N. Y. Diana tried the daring stunt of acting in a revival of *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, the same play in which her aunt, Ethel Barrymore, made a triumphant debut as a star 40 years ago. Ethel was then 22, Diana is now 20. But neither play nor Diana justified its producer's hopes of bringing them to New York. This summer 73 other plays tried out for Broadway, but according to the sad statistics of other years, only 6% will make it.



Saucy Diana Barrymore in *Captain Jinks* plays Mlle Trentoni, fancy European opera star with a greyhound. Trentoni gets name from having been born in Trenton, N. J.

LADY! THE FAMOUS CINDERELLA PEOPLE TELL YOU TO WASH THIS PRETTY DRESS WITH IVORY FLAKES!

CINDERELLA'S new "Bonnie Blair"

dresses simply *de-light* 'teen-age young ladies! They're specially styled and specially sized for 'teen-age tastes and figures! You can buy the famous Cinderella Frocks at good stores everywhere. The Cinderella shown, about \$3.00.

(For colorful Fall style booklet, write to Cinderella, 1350 Broadway, New York City)

Makers of the famous CINDERELLA Frocks for girls always advise IVORY FLAKES—the flake form of baby's own Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

SAME BLUE BOX—NO EXTRA COST
PROCTER & GAMBLE • TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Membership is Open to Gentlemen *Join the World's Greatest After-Shave Club!*

SIGN your name below, and mail us this advertisement. We'll promptly send you a generous bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's most popular after-shave lotion.

Cool as ocean spray, Aqua Velva is a rousing finish to your shave. Leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother. Electric shavers use Aqua Velva before and after shaving for better results.

Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CA-15, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Offer good in the U.S.A. and Canada only.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

*Frank Fielding Eliot
David Green Dyke
Renger Meredith
Brook Pemberton
Norman Rockwell
Lucius Beebe
Samuel H. Hilditch*



Name _____
Street _____
City _____



MOVIE STARS VENTURE FORTH IN THE SUMMER

Almost every Hollywood star wants a crack at acting on the stage, partly because it is good fun and good training, partly because a stage success often helps his movie career. Rural theaters are ideal testing grounds, because if they flop they don't flop too conspicuously. Below is Buster Keaton on tour in a burlesque mystery play. Other noted citizens of Hollywood likewise occupied are Ingrid Bergman who is playing Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* in Maplewood, N. J., and Tyrone Power and his wife Annabella who are acting in *Lulu* at Westport, Conn.



Deadpan Buster Keaton in *The Gorilla* shows his customary imperturbability when a sliding panel opens behind and a friendly skeleton tickles him on the shoulder.



Like most civilians, Ilona Massey, star of the Edward Small photoplay "International Lady", is bewildered at the way . . .



. . . these Army reconnaissance cars can take it. But to take it they need tough, long-lasting lubricants. That's why the U. S. Army has chosen Sinclair lubricants for many of its reconnaissance cars and . . .



. . . fighting tanks. Because Sinclair lubricants measure up to rigid Army requirements you can . . .



. . . be sure that Sinclair lubricants will stand up in your car. Keep your car Sinclair lubricated for fewer repairs, smoother riding and longer car life.



IN DRIVING SALT SPRAY
NAVY PATROLS THE ROADS



A SIGNALMAN SENDS BLINKER MESSAGE TO STRANGE SHIP TO HEAVE TO, STATE HER REGISTRY, CARGO, DESTINATION. ALL SHIPS ARE HALTED COMING IN AND OUT OF ROADS

HAMPTON ROADS:

GREATEST NAVAL BASE OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Behind the Virginia capes, where the James River widens into Chesapeake Bay, lies the most important, the most jealously guarded body of water in North America. Hampton Roads is, as the name implies, a marine highway, bigger than a harbor, heavily traveled, and sheltered from the sea. It is the naval gateway to mid-America, and as such is comparable in strategic worth to Pearl Harbor and the Panama Canal. But Hampton Roads has inherent as well as strategic value. For on its shores, at Norfolk, Portsmouth and Newport News, stand the complex units of the oldest, the biggest and the best-equipped naval establishment in the Western world.

For nearly 300 years ships of war have sailed up

Hampton Roads for refitting and repairs. Seventeenth Century frigates were careened in shallows where the Portsmouth Navy Yard now stands. There too the first drydock ever built in the U. S. arose. And it was in Hampton Roads that the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* fought the battle that reshaped the naval armaments of the world. Today Hampton Roads, its Navy Yard, Operating Base, shipbuilding ways, Air Station, shops, forges, forts and depots seethe with incalculable ordered energies. Night and day work progresses on new fighting ships and on old ones. Night and day seamen of the Inshore Patrol guard the historic Roads (*opposite*). For pictures of this mighty cradle and sanctuary of the Atlantic Fleet, turn the page.

VIEW THROUGH BOMB-TORN SIDE OF BRITISH SHIP SHOWS WORLD WAR I MINESWEEPERS AT DOCK. THEY ARE BEING OVERHAULED AND REFITTED HERE FOR ACTIVE SERVICE



HERE NEW SHIPS ARE MADE AND OLD ONES MADE ANEW

Like the main boulevard of a mighty industrial city, Hampton Roads bisects the tidewater flats of southern Virginia. To north and south loom the manifold units of the nation's No. 1 naval establishment, laced with steel, crane-studded, complex. In one corner stands Newport News. Opposite lie Norfolk and Portsmouth where war expansion has increased the population of yards, barracks and depots to an unprecedented 100,000. And over the seaward mouth of the Roads gape the batteries of Fort Monroe. Here are the major entities they protect.

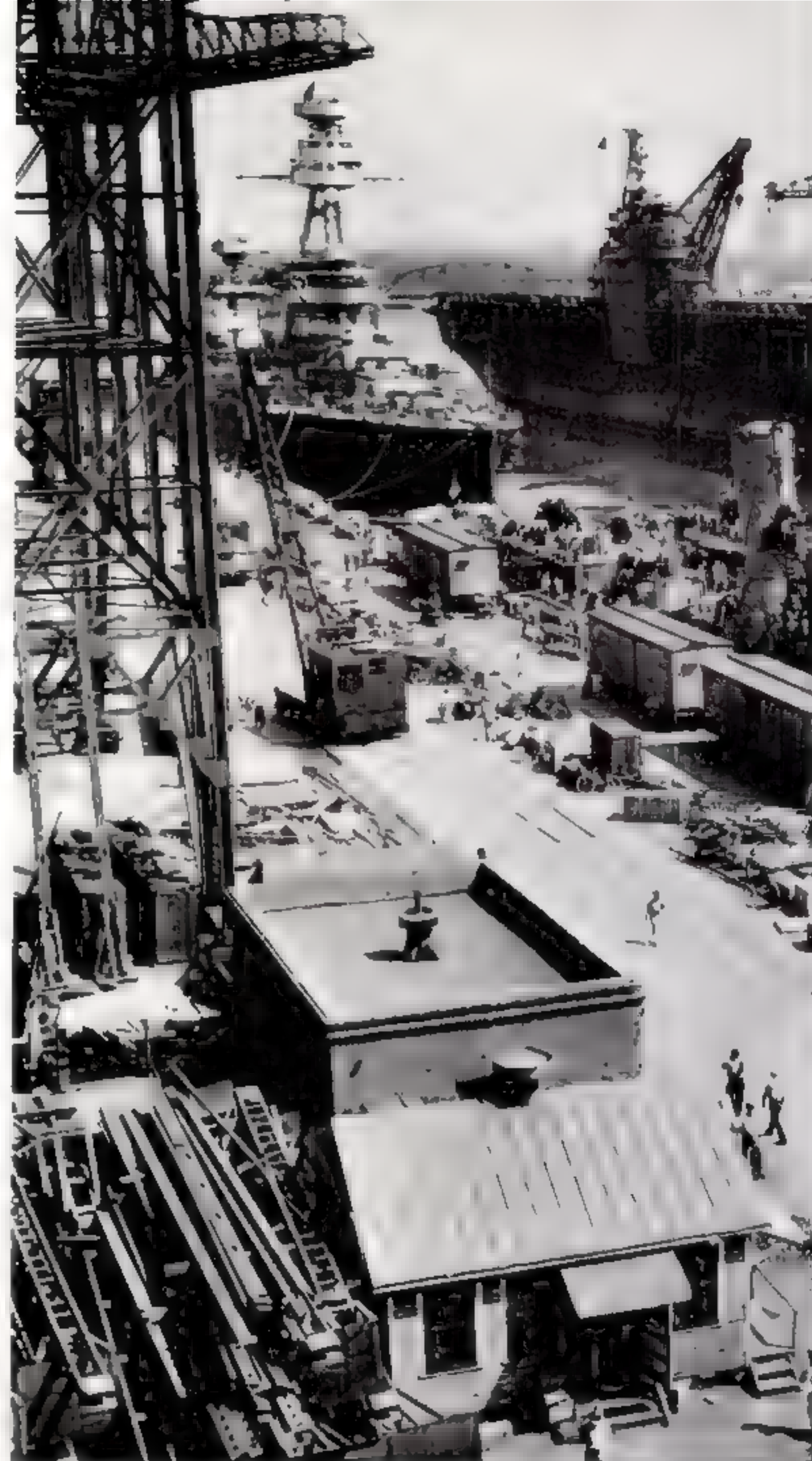
The Portsmouth Navy Yard, established in Colonial times, is the biggest U. S. yard on either ocean. Center of repair for the Atlantic Fleet, it encompasses, within its two miles of waterfront, forges, machine shops and dry-docks capable of the heaviest work on the heaviest ships. Except for the single year 1861-62, Portsmouth's yard has been operated by the U. S. Government uninterruptedly since 1800. Here last week big ships were being refitted, rearmed, built. The new battleship *Alabama* was on the ways. The ancient battleship *Texas* was receiving a new 14-in. battery. The carrier *Ranger* was being serviced. Several destroyers were acquiring new turrets. And a British war vessel was undergoing major repairs.

The Naval Operating Base at Norfolk is one of three great jumping-off places maintained for the U. S. Fleet. The other two are at San Diego and Pearl Harbor. Norfolk, home of the Atlantic Fleet, is biggest of these, biggest in the Western world. From its immense depots ships pick up food and supplies. In its barracks men of the Fleet live while ashore or in training. At its Air Station repose the huge patrol boats and multifarious planes of the active Fleet. Here is the center of the web of our Eastern naval defense.

The Newport News Shipyard, privately owned but completely dedicated to Navy work, is second-largest shipbuilding yard in the U. S. On its nine ways today, 17,500 men work in three daily shifts constructing fighting craft. Now abuilding are the new battleship *Indiana*, four cruisers, and the aircraft carriers *Hornet* and *Essex*. Here, too, British ships are being repaired, seized Italian ships are being refitted, and merchant vessels are being converted for Navy use. For pictures of operations at Newport News, turn the page.



In the gateway of the Roads lies the Army transport *West Point*, formerly the crack liner *America*. From docks in background, supply ships load food and ammunition for the Atlantic Fleet.



BESIDE GREAT DOCKS OF PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD, SHIPS OF THE FLEET ARE SERVICED.



Officer of Inshore Patrol stops Swedish ship to ask where she's going. Concentration of activities around Hampton Roads is so vital Navy takes no chances, keeps boats away from base.



ABOVE ARE BATTLESHIP "TEXAS," AIRCRAFT CARRIER "RANGER," TURRETS ON DESTROYERS (CENTER) SHOW DUAL-PURPOSE (HORIZONTAL FIRING OR VERTICAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT) GUNS



At the Navy Base, longshoremen keep busy day and night loading supply ships. These make rendezvous with Fleet, transfer cargo. They also service Bermuda, Antigua, Guantanamo bases.

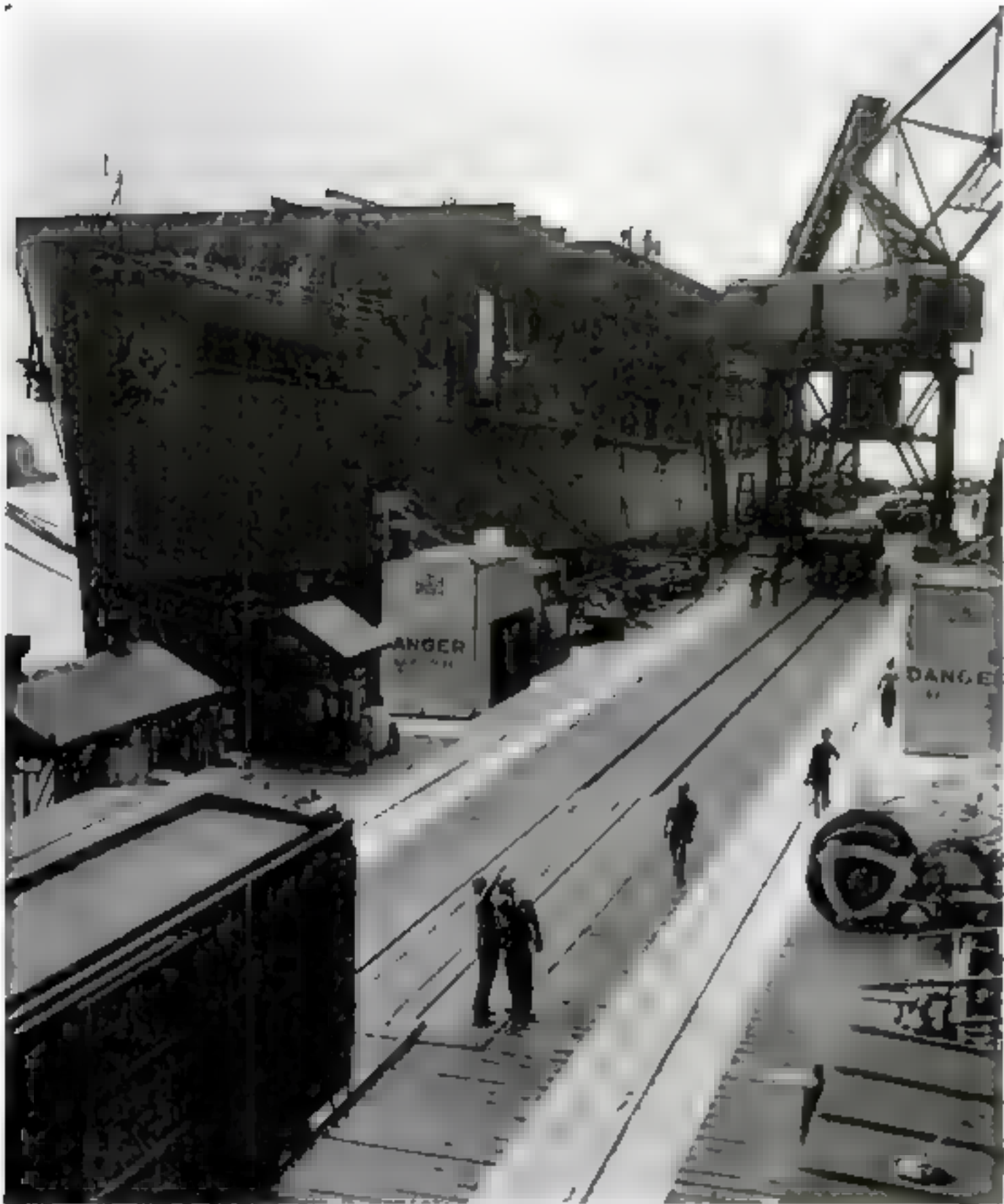


In the Navy Yard, a battery of 14-in. guns from battleship *Texas* awaits resleeving. Hammerhead crane in background is biggest (350 tons) in world. It is used to lift new decks into place on ships.



The aircraft carrier "Hornet," newly completed at the Newport News Shipbuilding Co., is here shown undergoing her dock trials—which consist of turning her motors over while moored. Planned as a sister ship to the *Enterprise* and *Yorktown*, she was changed during construction, made bigger, more heavily armed. She will carry more than 100 planes, eight 5-in. guns,

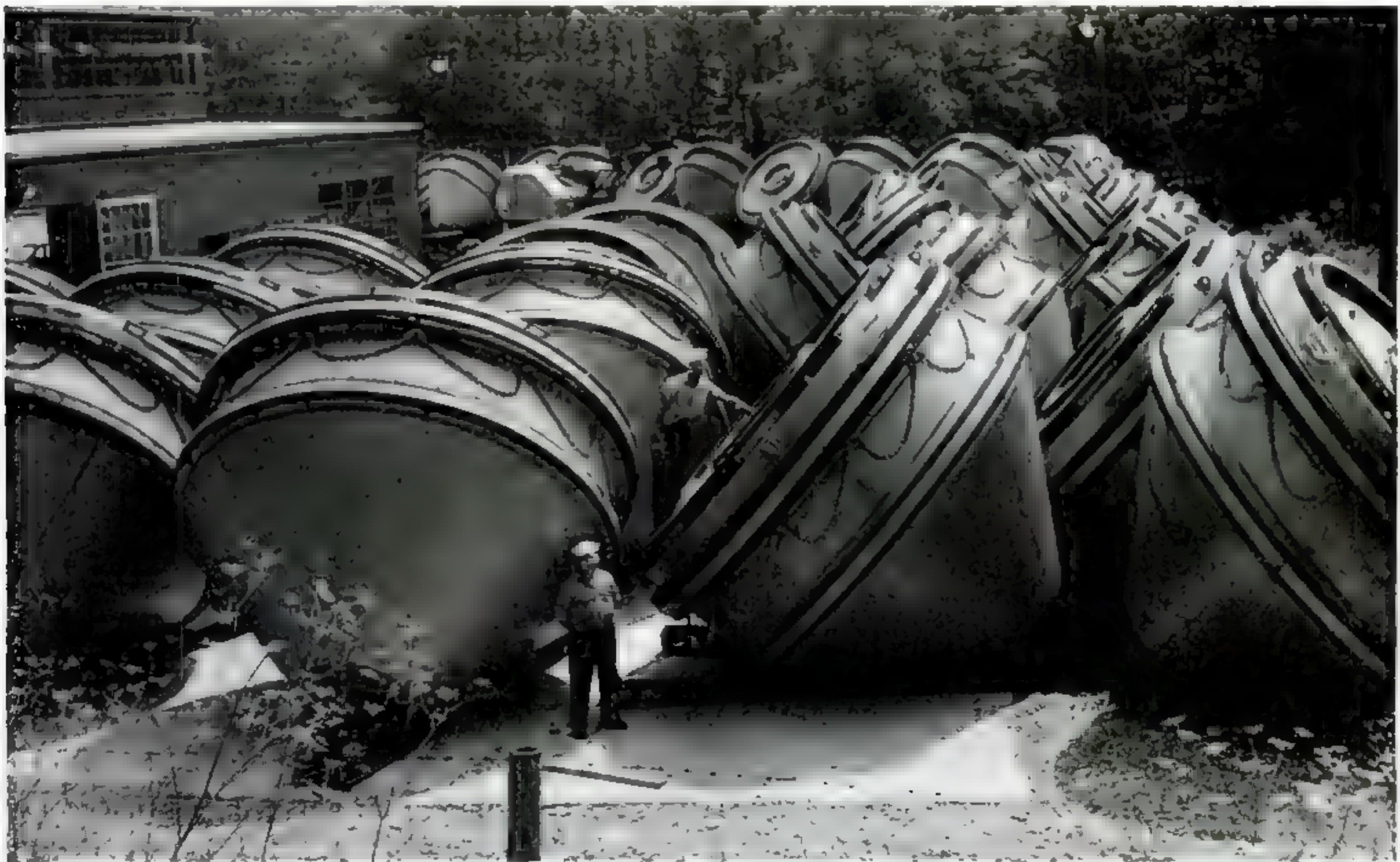
and extremely heavy anti-aircraft protection. A feature of this type of carrier are catapults which will put planes in the air from the hangar deck as well as the flight deck. The *Hornet* was rushed to completion months ahead of proposed launching date. All work at Newport News, which is loud with riveters, ablaze with light at night, is far ahead of schedule.



The "Mormac Land" is being converted into an aircraft carrier at the Newport yards. A sister ship, the *Mormac Mail*, similarly rebuilt, is already in service with the Fleet as the carrier *Long Island*. These ships of the Moore-McCormack Lines were built as passenger liners with an eye toward their eventual use as carriers. This one may be turned over to the British.



In the boat shop of the Navy Yard, adjacent to the half-mile-long forge shop from which come the steel bowels of men-of-war, admirals' gigs and officers' launches are ranged like a school of pleasure craft. These, in devotion to Navy tradition and vanity, are all carefully made by hand, bedecked with brasswork, then laboriously rubbed to a satin-smooth finish.



Steel net buoys lie like giant tops in a yard of the Naval Base. These will be used, in case of war, to float a long submarine trap right across the Roads. There are three types of nets: submarine nets which catch subs stealing into harbors; torpedo nets which stop torpedoes fired at shipping by submarines outside the harbor; and boat nets. The boat net is a long

boom, studded with spikes, thrown across a harbor or roadstead. It rips out the hulls of mosquito boats attempting to hurdle it. All three types will be used to protect the Roads, a tempting target for an enemy. Mine fields will be sown in the waters for further protection. Navy men constantly work at laying practice mine fields and planning net techniques.



PBM PATROL BOAT, ONE OF NAVY'S BIGGEST, LANDS AT AIR STATION. FROM HERE THESE PLANES PATROL HUNDREDS OF MILES AT SEA. NORTH TO RHODE ISLAND SOUTH TO FLORIDA

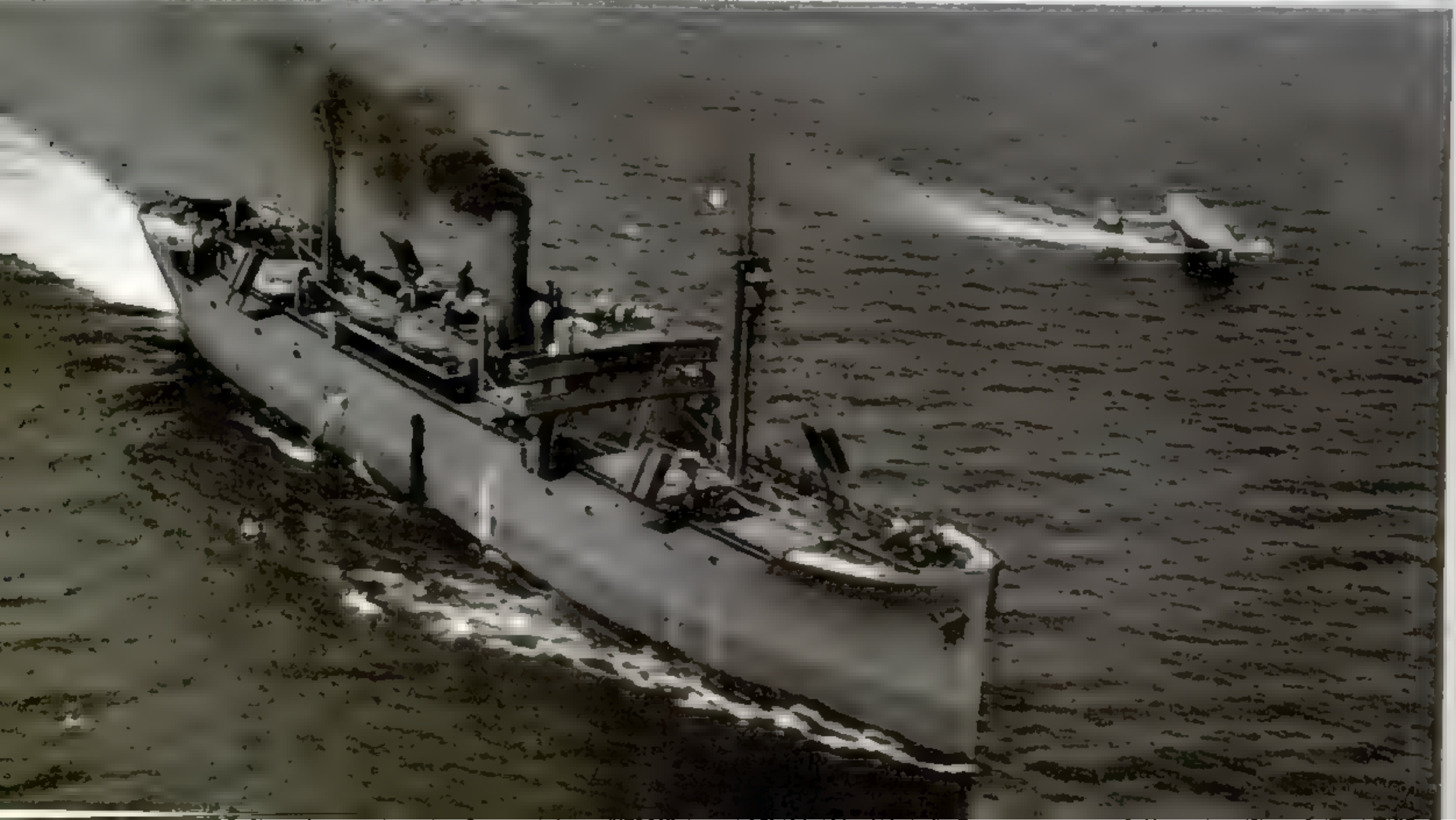
NORFOLK AIRMEN PATROL THE SEA

It is at the Air Station that war seems really close. For every day and day after day Navy fliers are over the Roads. There are the great patrol planes, the PBX's and the PBMs, thundering into the sky from Breezy Point heading for the far ramparts of the Eastern coast. There are the fighters and bombers concerned with the immediate protection of the Roads, circling over Chambers Field. And at East Beach where the planes

of the Fleet are based. The fliers are busy with shifting squadrons. Here they are a part of their own. Here everything points toward the most vigorous of flying operations, the great carrier pool.

All three fleets are within the precincts of the Operating Base at Norfolk. At all times the fleet is on the move at the sea. For the knowledge that will come they of all men at Hampton Roads will be the first to

A PBX LANDS AT SEA TO CHECK FREIGHTER. THESE PLANES ARE SOMETIMES AWAY FROM BASE 30 HOURS WATCHING COASTAL TRAFFIC AND THE FAR-FLUNG ATLANTIC PATROL





**SAILORS AT OPERATING BASE
REHEARSE LIFEBOAT DRILL**

CLOSE-UP



REVOLUTION NATIONALE

Tattered Pétain poster on Marseille wall bears the strawed V symbols, now common in all France. Below: Admiral Darlan (left, with pipe), followed by

guard struts Vichy street with his aide, Benoist-Méchin (center) and Naval Adviser Latou. Darlan's great threat to Allies is the surrender of the French Navy to Hitler.



VICHY VS.

A GOVERNMENT OF FINE WORDS AND CHEAP



Outside the American Embassy at Vichy, Richard de Rochemont (right) stands with the U. S. Ambassador, Admiral William D. Leahy. A native of Boston, De Rochemont lived in France from 1931 to 1940 and, from 1934 on, was European manager for LIFE, Time and the March of Time. When the war began, he was accredited to the French Army as a war correspondent and remained in Paris until the capitulation, when he returned to the U. S. Recently he went back to Unoccupied France for a period of three months to see how Frenchmen were taking their new regime. He saw and talked with Frenchmen in Marseille, Lyon, Nice, Clermont-Ferrand, Montpellier and other cities as well as with French officials at Vichy.

When Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain on June 17, 1940 told the French that they must lay down their arms and seek an honorable armistice with the Germans, most of the unhappy horde that had for weeks been moving about aimlessly in a world where all was disorder and rumor and danger felt that the aged soldier, who had once saved Verdun, was capable of another miracle.

Many of the French believed the war had been badly begun, anyway, and that there was some logic in calling a halt, saving something, and looking about for a chance to make a fresh start. Most feared that since France had been demolished in the space of weeks, there was no hope whatsoever that the English could hold out more than a month, or that an unarmed, pacifistic Britain, whose troops had failed signally to distinguish themselves in France, could succeed where the mighty French Army had failed.

Around the erect, fatherly figure of Marshal Pétain were draped the illusions of a shocked, punch-drunk nation. Forgotten was the retired soldier who had played obscure roles in the *Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre*, in the ridiculous cabinet of Gaston Doumergue, and as backer of *Croix de Feu* and Cagouard Fascist movements of France's pre-war days. Even die-hard republicans forgot the Ambassador Pétain who had in Madrid made amends to the victor Franco under circumstances infinitely humiliating to the republican French Government.

To a man, the French failed to remember the damning reason Old Tiger Clemenceau had given for failing to name Pétain to the supreme command which was given to Foch in 1917. "I had to choose between a general who wanted us to retire to the banks of the Loire and lay down our arms, and another general whose only wish was to keep on fighting. The choice was obvious, since I did not wish to capitulate."

Pétain, taking over an amputated, headless, nearly formless France, presumably had faith in his own ability to reorganize the nation as in 1917 he reorganized the Army. He saw the utter defeat and confusion of all his French political enemies, all those who in war and in politics had opposed what he, Pétain, believed in. Commanding Frenchmen in simple, authoritative terms, he could bring about a renaissance of those simple virtues which he valued above all else. France, by abnegation, was to become thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. By their pious suffering, a noble people would soften the hearts of the war-like Germans, and Pétain, as France's No. 1 soldier, could treat honorably and loftily with Germany's No. 1 soldier, Adolf Hitler.

Upright as the Marshal's intentions were, they failed to meet the realities of the situation. In the first place, the Marshal himself was a prime anachronism in the world of 1940.

When Philippe Pétain was a cadet at St. Cyr, France was just coming out of the tailspin of the defeat of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Given comparatively easy terms by Bismarck, France recovered in a brilliant effort, went on to success and power. But the France that Marshal Pétain, Chief of the French

FRANCE

INTRIGUES DRAWS SCORN OF ITS PEOPLE

by RICHARD DE ROCKEMONT

State, took over in June 1940 bore little resemblance to the France of that time, nor did Hitler's Germans seem to have much in common with Bismarck's Prussians. Unlike Bismarck, Hitler was embarked upon an enterprise in which France was not the ultimate objective but merely an incident, and this in itself was a situation incomprehensible to a man whose whole intellectual formation was the proud and rigid nationalism of the French Army.

At Montoire, Marshal Pétain was so pleased by the courtesy he received that he gave Hitler his hand. Many French soldiers, on grounds of military protocol, have never forgiven him for this, since France and Germany were still at war. But on his return he expressed himself as somewhat baffled by the casual nonchalance with which Hitler took his great victory, and the lack of interest that he showed in the details of Franco-German relations, so important to Frenchman Pétain. This lack of concern on Hitler's part helped to strengthen Pétain's belief that Germany would soon have England on its knees, and the Marshal rationalized the postponement of the settlement of France's fate on the grounds that in any event France would soon take its seat at the European peace conference.

So Pétain, baffled but impressed, returned to Vichy and to his *Révolution Nationale*, a project of constructing a medieval authoritarian state on the ruins of a modern democracy.

This National Revolution, largely worked out by one of the Marshal's more learned aides, Du Moulin de La Barthère, is a form of modified Fascism which might conceivably be well adapted to a backward, agricultural nation with a high degree of illiteracy and no short-wave radios. Its slogan is *Travail, Famille, Patrie* (Work, Family, Homeland). It is moral, exemplary, Spartan and Christian. Even left-wing Liberals are obliged to admit that it might be a good trick if one could do it. But it can't be done. The French know it can't be done. So do the Germans. So today does Marshal Philippe Pétain, and in his recent speech to the French people, he has admitted his failure.

Pétain's "National Revolution" gets nowhere

The National Revolution, and its leaders, have had a long year in which to try their noble and reactionary experiment. In that year, through their own incompetence and the carefully calculated German moves to maintain a maximum of disorder and dissatisfaction in Unoccupied France, the renovation of France has got exactly nowhere. The Germans have forced concession after concession from the Vichy government, and have given nothing in return. Both halves of France, Occupied and Unoccupied, have been systematically looted, and the Germans are now running their vacuum cleaner over the French colonies. Up the railroad lines that converge on Paris and then go north and east to Germany are flowing all the raw materials and manufactured products which were the surplus fat of a great capitalist republic, and in some instances the muscle and the bone as well.

In Marseille, before leaving France, I dropped into a store near the Old Port to buy a piece of rope to tie up some baggage. In the shop was a small, middle-aged Frenchman, who wished to buy a fishing line. The shopkeeper showed him what he had, a meager assortment of odds and ends, and told him the prices. The French "little man" looked at the counter, then the shelves and exclaimed, as though his world had suddenly crashed about him, "*C'est formidable comme il n'y a plus rien!*" (It's astounding how there's nothing left!). This is the realization to which all Frenchmen are coming, some of them still slowly, and not Pétain, not the National Revolution, nor yet any subtle rationalization of the defeat can wipe it from their minds.

No enchanting vision of France's favored place in a new European order, repeated again in the Marshal's recent speech and echoed later by Darlan, can make hardheaded Frenchmen and their wives forget that when France was a democracy they are



Vichy's spa is lorn, for street regulations keep the tourists away. Leave the town to government employees and prostitutes. Below—in the park, where spa visitors

met to drink the famous waters and loaf in the sun the residents line up to receive their daily tobacco ration, which new government ruling denies to women



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Canaries

A 4-STAR HIT
IN THE MOVIE
COLONY



Lovely RITA HAYWORTH

Co-starring in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich,"
delights in her pet canary "Jerry".

...and in Hollywood
French's Bird Seed
is the Favorite 4 to 1



A sensational new hit in Hollywood — canaries! Four-star favorites with the movie celebrities. The perfect hobby for you, too. Brighten your home with a cheery little bundle of joy — a canary to thrill you with his sweet song and his winning ways.

Feeding a canary properly can be as simple for you as it is for the Hollywood stars. They use French's Bird Seed and Biscuit... because this tested, proven recipe contains eleven aids to song and health: Canary Seed, Poppy, Rape, Sesame and Millet Seeds; Soy Bean Grits, Yeast, Wheat Germ (B₁), Corn Syrup, Cuttlebone and Charcoal.

In every package of French's Bird Seed there is a French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). It gives the diet an extra lift and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply your canary with an 11-course balanced meal, all in one package.

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"Joyous collaborators" is title given this cartoon by famed European Satirical Artist Arthur Szyk, now a refugee in America.

VICHY VS. FRANCE (continued)

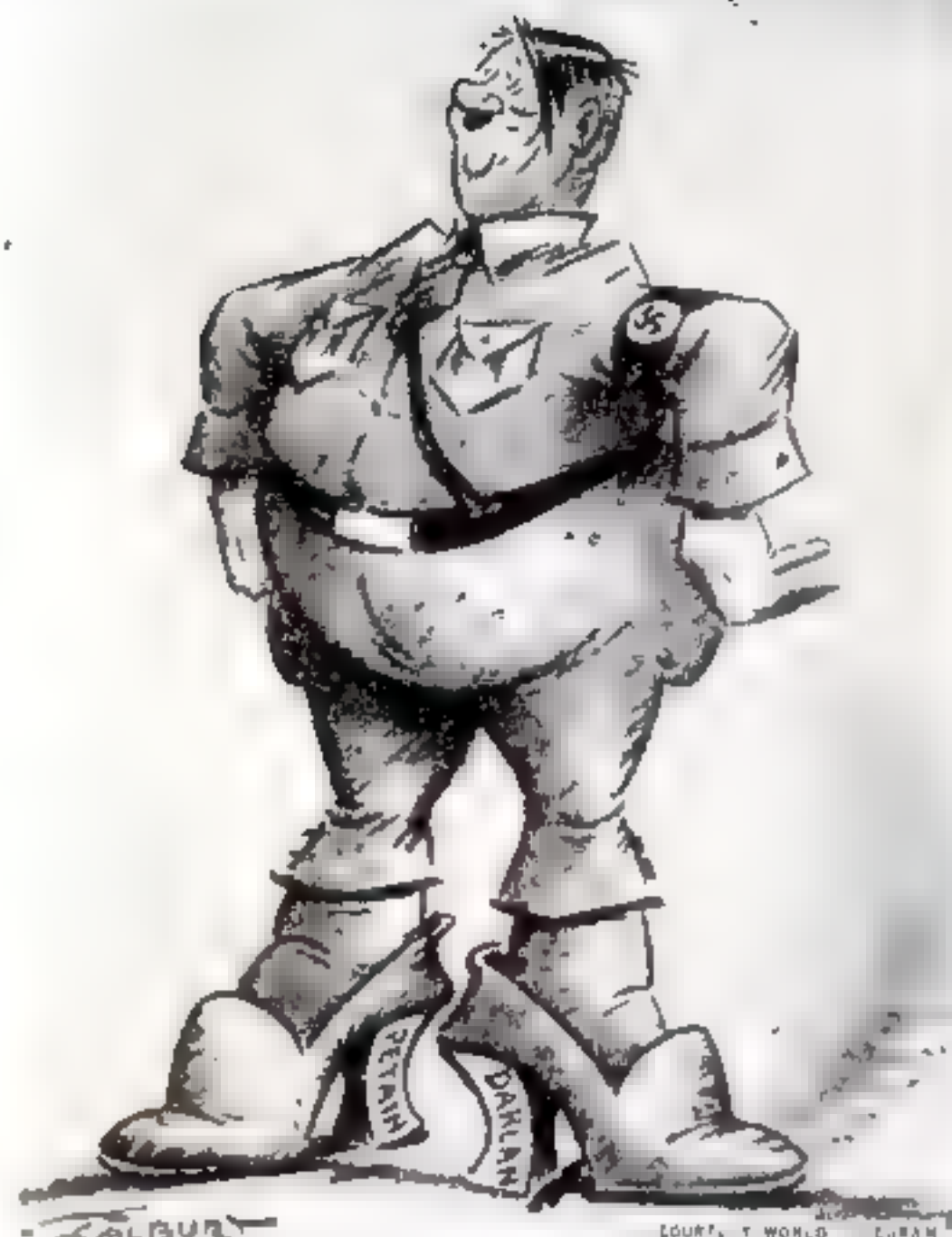
well, owned things, had money in their pockets and time on their hands, and that since the Germans came they have less and less. In his heart the Frenchman knows the German hates him and seeks his destruction. Even when he listens for kind words from his conqueror, they do not come, except through the flaccid mouths of the Vichy officials. He sees his country made another Poland, and his people made hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Week by week and day by day, the breach between the people of France and the government at Vichy has widened. The conviction has grown in the minds of most intelligent Frenchmen that something is wrong, something not to be explained merely by the presence of the Germans or the severity and rapacity of the conditions of the armistice. First they told themselves that Pétain was "an honest old man surrounded by a gang of traitors." From this, opinion moved to considering the Marshal as "a senile old man entirely controlled by a gang of traitors." Today, though the French dislike to make a direct attack on the Hero of Verdun, they rationalize their discretion by whispers that the Marshal is being slowly poisoned, that "on lui fait boire un mauvais café." Only the most bitter and realistic Frenchmen admit that the old reactionary is behaving exactly as they should have known from his record that he would.

The two best-hated Frenchmen

Beside the aged Marshal, keeping a close watch on him and on each other, stand the two best-hated politicians in all France, former Premier Pierre Laval, in the shadows, and Admiral François Darlan, in the full blaze of authority and self-created prominence.

Darlan today holds all the power that is left in France in his own hands. Pétain has now made him head of all the armed forces, and made even General Maxime Weygand, proconsul of North Africa, responsible to the Admiral. But in France, Darlan is not even respected as a sailor. His career in the Navy has been a political one, from the day he became a cadet through family influence (his father was once Minister of Justice) to the pre-war period when as *Chef de Cabinet* to Navy Minister Georges Leygues he



"French heels" is American Cartoonist Talburt's epithet for Vichy collaborationists, who have made a German province of France

developed the political contacts and techniques which in time brought him command of the French Navy. He learned to polish up the plate on the big front door, and to shine the boots of influential politicians, all in the best Gilbert & Sullivan tradition. A perfect "Rue Royale sailor," he went to sea only for the minimum periods required for promotion, and his commands were invariably those involving the fewest headaches and the greatest publicity.

As soon as he was secure in his post at the Ministry, he began to pay attention to the problem of his personal publicity. Enlisting the support of an unpopular, waspish lieutenant, C. P. Duvivier, head of the inactive Navy Press Bureau, Darlan launched a campaign to make himself known. In a sudden outpouring of Navy press releases there was constant mention of Darlan, and the Paris gossip-writers began to refer to him as the brains behind Georges Leygues, the man who modernized the French Navy. Darlan had saved France's naval might at the London Conference. Darlan was a real salt, who smoked a pipe and spit to leeward. Today Duvivier, now a lieutenant commander and chief of the Admiral's private staff, keeps up the good work, but without having to cajole or wheedle. For Duvivier is today the real boss of the press of Vichy's France, who can dictate what every paper must print, who can break French journalists and foreign correspondents (except Germans) at his own discretion.

Though the press of Vichy lauds "the greatest French admiral since Colbert," the people of France are learning more about the unappetizing character of the apple-polisher who achieved his prominence through a national disaster. They recall that the man who today presents himself as a pillar of French Catholicism was once inscribed as a member of the anti-clerical French Freemasons, whose lodges are now dissolved by official decree. They remember that the ferocious anti-Semite who is driving the Jews out of every position of profit or importance once assured Premier Léon Blum that in the elections of the Popular Front of 1936 he had used all his influence in support of the Socialist Party, which was Blum's. And it is known that today's advocate of collaboration to the hilt with Germany was, at Bordeaux a year earlier, a violent partisan of the Reynaud-Mandel plan of moving the French Government to North Africa for a last-ditch fight. When he saw that Pé-

tain and Laval were succeeding with their plans for a capitulation, however, he reversed his field brilliantly and won his place in the triumvirate.

Stuffy, unimaginative, infinitely ambitious, Darlan meets the French definition of an *arriviste*, who has no friends, few admirers but many sycophants. He expects Hitler to give him command of the united navies of Europe when the New Order comes to full flower. In the meantime, while waiting for the fulfillment of his dream, he is seeing to it that the minor opportunities are not neglected. His son, Alain, for instance, after having fought the war as a desk officer in the Navy's code rooms in the Château of the Amiralauté at Maitenon, is installed as an insurance agent at Toulon, where the Navy has its biggest shops and its arsenal. Tradesmen and suppliers doing business with the Navy, and needing an insurance policy, can be sure that Alain has it for them.

Resented by the average Frenchman is the sudden establishment of the Navy as the senior arm in France, and the appearance of detachments of sailors in such towns as land-locked Vichy, as a praetorian guard for Darlan. Retired admirals are blossoming out in important civil jobs, and swaggering naval officers with armed orderlies have penetrated to such holy places of the Army as Sidi-bel-Abbès, to bring and see executed the Admiral's commands. Barrel-chested, his chin thrust out à la Mussolini, Darlan strides through the streets of Vichy, accompanied by his yes-men and side boys, and in every port the men of his Navy do the same. But the French don't like it, and they don't like Darlan.

Pierre Laval, seigneur of Châteldon, mineral-water magnate, lawyer and newspaper owner, is almost as thoroughly detested as Darlan, but with a difference. Since he is a native of Auvergne, a region renowned for the avarice and meanness of its people, many of whom scratch out a meager living as dairy farmers and chestnut merchants, and who emigrate to Paris to become coal heavers and peddlers, most Frenchmen shrug their shoulders and say, "What can one expect from a *bourgeois*?" His wealth and admitted political talents have not saved him from the contempt of the French, and, more significant, three chauffeurs have quit him because the Laval car was getting shot at on lonely roads.

The small Laval group in Vichy pleads in his defense: "Pierrot would have made concessions to the Germans, but he would have made sure he got something in return. Darlan has given them more than they asked, and got nothing." This assumption that the peasant wiliness of Laval could have outmaneuvered Hitler and Ribbentrop is probably erroneous. Though the "Lavalists" swear that Hitler likes the Auvergnat better than he likes Darlan, there is better reason to believe that he has the utmost contempt for both of them, and only a mild sentimental liking for the old soldier Pétain whom he has brought to heel. Hitler's plans for France do not take into account any French personalities, and while he runs France he cares little who pretends to run it.

"A banana republic with no bananas"

My return to France this year brought me into contact with the various functionaries who control the machinery of the Vichy government. This government is at present isolated from the French people not only in its thinking, but physically. Vichy is a town hard to reach, except for those traveling on government gasoline or official missions, and a special permit is required, even of Frenchmen, if they wish to remain in the town more than a day or so. The town is full of spies and *agents provocateurs*, whose job is to draw out each civil servant and visitor, find out where he stands on the Darlan policies and report to headquarters. The remaining European embassies and legations are centers of espionage, for every country is worried as to whether Darlan is really managing to get a preferential deal for himself and for France. The American diplomats, North and South, consider the Vichy government as slightly absurd. The South Americans refer to it as "a banana republic with no bananas."

The new regime, which was hoisted into power without any such preparation as the German and Italian totalitarian regimes enjoyed, without a storm-trooper organization or a functioning secret police, had to take over from the Third Republic a large number of civil servants in whom it had little confidence, but on whom it could depend to keep the wheels turning. In the ministries of Foreign Affairs, Finance, Justice, Commerce and Interior, remain many men who made their careers under the old regime, who hate their new masters of the Army and Navy and who, while waiting for their inevitable replacement at some future date, are carrying on their work in a purely perfunctory manner.

Standard procedure with some of these officials, when faced with a visiting foreigner, is to give him a long curtain-lecture on the virtues

Imagine! "Tightwad" Thompson saying:

"Waiter
Bring Me
**33 FINE
BREWS!**"



**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!**

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

... IT'S SMOOTHER
... IT'S TASTIER
IT NEVER VARIES

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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VICHY VS. FRANCE (continued)

of the Pétain-Darlan policies, usually in a loud voice which can be heard through the partitions of their office, and then, when the visitor is groggy but still unconvinced, to take him out to a safe café for a drink and explain that all that had been said was a *fumisterie*, and that the only hope for France is in an Anglo-American victory.

Beside these old republicans, there is a whole new layer of recent arrivals in the government service, men who constitute the real "Vichy gang." For the most part they are Army and Navy officers, writers, journalists, lawyers and politicians of the fringe, whose sole claim to preference is that they had been publicly anti-republican, anti-Semitic and reactionary. A few are to be found in Vichy who were publicly pro-Hitler, but only a few, for most of those hied themselves to Paris to pick up the far fatter jobs being handed out by Otto Abetz and Fernand de Brinon. With them are a few industrialists and bankers who hope to save something of their factories and their fortunes by playing ball with Vichy and with Paris. The cult of Pétain-worship has provided the opportunists with a convenient protective coloration. They are "against the Germans, but have faith in the Marshal," they say. Father knows best. When "Pétain-burg" seems to speak as Darlan dictates, they act astonished and worried, but murmur that the Admiral is on the way out, anyway, and this is not the moment to let the old Marshal down.

So Vichy continues, festering with cheap political intrigue, cloaked in high moral platitudes and fine words about the France of tomorrow, while it drifts ever farther from the realities of the France of today, realities which can bring joy only to a Marxist who believes in economic determinism.

For the national economy of France has ceased to exist. France is living on the reserves set aside for the war, on the sardines and the sugar squirreled away by housewives, peasants and restaurant keepers who remembered 1914-18. Today those reserves are running out, and there is neither production nor imports to replenish them.

The food flows to Berlin

Eighty percent of the traffic through the port of Marseille is for German consumption. Fodder and fruit from West Africa travel north with Algerian wheat and mutton and Tunisian olive oil. If a shipload of bananas has been delayed so long en route that the fruit is nearly rotten, it is dumped on the Marseille market. If the bananas are in good shape they go on, *nach Berlin*. Marseille port officials have, and will give out, accurate figures on their total tonnage imports, but it is from the stevedores, and from the officials of their now-suppressed labor unions that accurate estimates can be had of the percentage of these imports destined for French consumption.

One such Marseillais told me quite calmly: "I can't understand why the British haven't bombed the docks of Marseille long ago. Today this is Germany's biggest port of entry."

In retail business it is impossible to discover a firm economy of any kind. The rapidly growing "black market" is ruining the legitimate tradesman. In Marseille the best cuts of meat, when there is meat, are sold in the bistros of the Old Port by the gangsters whose old occupations, white slavery, drug-peddling and vote-selling, are in the doldrums. You arrive at the bar, ask for Bébér or Tatave, identify yourself, give your order for a cut of meat, drink a forbidden *pastis* with the boss, and in ten minutes a runner arrives and slips you the package. Prices are exorbitant, even for bootleg goods. Retail tradesmen today are obliged to set themselves up in the black market, if they are to survive. Their shops are empty, but their merchandise, when they get any, is split up into two lots, the worse quality for the ordinary customers and to be sold at the prices fixed by law, the presentable goods relayed on to Bébér and Tatave, of the *marché noir*.

Unemployment in Unoccupied France is not yet a very serious problem, for a good half of the million and a half workers who are still in German prison camps came from that region. Businessmen who still have some raw materials to work on are turning their francs into commodities as fast as they can, for they know that inflation is already far advanced and tomorrow their money may buy nothing.

By imposing a colossal armistice indemnity in paper francs, rather than gold, the Germans made inflation certain. France pays Germany in paper, but that paper will buy anything in France, and the Germans have an almost unlimited supply of it. Biggest operators on the black market, they are using their profits and their loot to buy into every key industry in France. In addition to unlimited cash, the

Germans can use the threat of putting out of business, by stoppage of raw materials, any firm which resists the Nazi attempts to muscle in.

The government has made a great noise about what it was going to do for French youth. A terrific slogan has been made of *Junesse*. Tennisman Jean Borotra has been appointed to instill a new and more vigorous conception of sport in young Frenchmen. Youth camps have been opened, where uniformed lads cut firewood and make roads to the tune of the marching songs of the *Révolution Nationale*. But camp leaders complain that they cannot obtain enough food to keep these youngsters in shape to do even four hours' hard work a day.

Young Frenchmen with whom I talked were frank about their predicament. "There is no future. Most of us look forward only to the day of revenge. We are sworn to the slogan of *Famille, Travail, Patrie*, but we can't get a job that we can marry on, so work and family seem out of the question. As for the *patrie*, it is in the hands of those *salauds*."

"Which *salauds* do you mean?" I asked. "Those in Vichy or those in Berlin?"

"Both of them."

To be sure, none of these young Frenchmen wanted to see the old politicians of the Third Republic back in power. Yet these boys were deeply conscious of the fact that Nazi regimentation held nothing for them. If they were Germans, yes, but as Frenchmen they would only be second-class citizens, slaves to Nazi masters.

Leaders of the Republic live in obscurity

Older Frenchmen still had respect for some of the old leaders. Edouard Herriot, former Premier and still president of the extinguished Chamber of Deputies, is remembered as the man who tried to keep America on the side of France, as a true Republican, and as a mayor of Lyon with sincere and progressive ideas of municipal management. Today Herriot, nearly 70, lives in a cottage in a tiny village of the Isère Department, working on a history of French diplomacy of the past 30 years. Once or twice he has intervened vainly in an attempt to stop the headlong course of the Vichy government toward Fascism and subjection. He has grown thinner, but is in good health.

Unloved as ever but respected widely is former Minister of Interior Georges Mandel, today living in enforced residence at Vals-les-Bains. Acquitted by a military court on a charge of desertion, but waiting for trial by Pétain's newly created Star Chamber, Mandel remains as bitter and contemptuous of his captors as ever. It is reported that his famous police dossiers, where the crimes and immoralities of most of France's great were listed, are today in safe hands, and that should he be condemned, the British radio will begin their recital at once. It is doubtful if the Germans wish to make a martyr of this clever, determined Jew, who is remembered by most Frenchmen for his cold-blooded efficiency, his intolerance of incompetence, and for his savage, piercing wit.

One hears little about Daladier, Reynaud and General Gamelin. Gamelin is reported to be busy writing a long defense of his strategy, which involves so many of France's present rulers that no one, least of all Marshal Pétain, wants to have it read in court. Daladier is reported to be taking his confinement with apathy. Reynaud, who complained bitterly of the cold during the winter, has been given better quarters, and sees his lawyers regularly. Hardest hit is Léon Blum, who is said to be a victim of depression verging on a serious disorder.

The former Communist leaders, such as Thorez and Marty, have long ago been given asylum in Soviet Russia, but hundreds of minor Red leaders are being hunted down relentlessly, while a Fascist expeditionary corps is being recruited to join the Nazi attack on Russia.

The Russo-German pact which permitted Hitler to make war is still one of many bad memories in France today. Yet from this one should not presume that radical social theory has been forgotten. The long-neglected Anarchists have revived their party and their propaganda, and are winning new recruits. To what end, no one knows, but it is suspected that a certain amount of money has been supplied them from anti-German French sources.

Once the biggest party in France, Blum's Socialists are violently Anglophile, and constitute the most solid element of opposition upon which the British, if the day ever comes, can build for the overthrow of all that is represented by Vichy. Their party organization, today underground, has always been a sound one and includes, as well as intellectuals and workers, a considerable middle-class and peasant element, particularly in the South. In Marseille, famed for its crooked elections, it has a tough band of muscle-men who know

"O. K., It Stretches!...So What!"



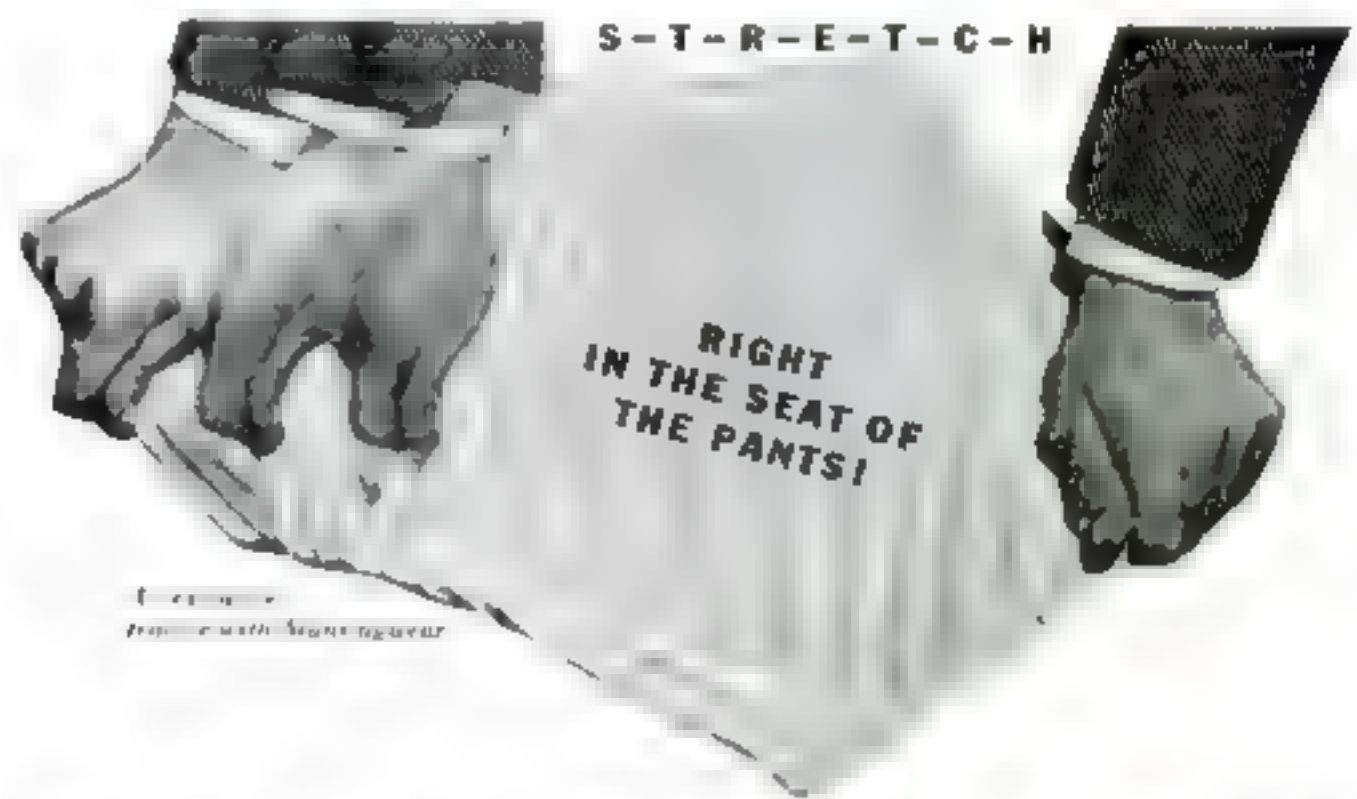
BILL: Always showing off that Munsingwear "STRETCHY-SEAT"®!...Let me tell you that these Munsingwear bias-cut "BREX"® are just as free, easy and breezy as your little pantie-waist. And even if they weren't, I'd like 'em better!

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VICHY VS. FRANCE (continued)

how much politics there is in the blade of a knife. One of the leaders of this group assured me that with about \$20,000 he could launch upon Marseille at least 3,000 men, all armed, capable of holding the streets for two or three days against anything but fully equipped soldiery.

Léon Jouhaux, once the syndicalist labor czar of France, is today a fugitive in Unoccupied France. Minus his beard and mustache, he dodges French police and Gestapo alike. No definite charges have been made against him by Vichy, but with the recent capitulation of Vichy to Berlin, he can expect the same fate as the German Social Democrats, Breitscheid and Hilferding, who were sent to Dachau for eventual execution after the French authorities delivered them to the Gestapo.

The announced revival of the French labor unions under a new "Charter of Labor" from the Vichy government should not be taken seriously. The new organization of labor is proceeding, slowly and against heavy and sullen resistance, along purely Fascist lines. Taking as a base the new Legion of War Veterans, originally conceived by Pérain and his brain-truster, Du Moulin de La Barthète, as a grouping of serious Frenchmen who were ready to make any sacrifice for the good of the nation, the more realistic Vichy Fascists have built up a political organization with teeth.

They have created an association of "Friends of the Legion," to which anyone, veteran or not, may belong if he can present references from a Legion member. The Friends of the Legion receive cards which guarantee them preference in employment and give them a semi-official status as stool pigeons and industrial spies. With the Legion bringing pressure, the subsidiary organization is able to place its faithful in employment, at the expense of otherwise loyal workmen who have refused to join France's new Fascists. Latest move is to secure for the Legionnaires and their friends the right to bear arms and make arrests.

Liaison between the Legion and the government is assured by a number of former generals and colonels, among them some of that unhappy group of high-ranking French military men who secured their release from German prison camps by signing an undertaking never to carry on any action contrary to German interests. So far the great mass of the French have recognized that the Legion is Fascist and contrary to their interests, and will have nothing to do with it.

Unoccupied France, dangling between the old regime which is fast disappearing under a snowdrift of new laws, decrees and administrative orders, and the new regime which has not yet been decided upon, let alone put in operation, lives from day to day in a manner determined largely by force of habit. Gangsterism, to a far greater degree than under any previous regime, is undermining what sense of civic responsibility there was in the ordinary Frenchman. Pressure is put on him to join up with the mob if he is to survive. In a hundred ways illegality is forced upon him, and once he has undertaken a black-bourse operation, obtained 10 gallons of gasoline by fraud, helped a friend obtain a passport or an *ausweis* (permit) to cross the demarcation line, he is likely to find himself in the power of the gangsters.

What it costs to buy a German

The French, who knew that a large number of their own administrators were corrupt, had for some curious reason expected that their conquerors had a higher standard of personal honesty. The French soon found out that a German could be bought like anyone else. Army officials, Gestapo and functionaries let themselves be persuaded by bribes running from a few francs to thousands. Smugglers operate between Occupied and Unoccupied France with the connivance of the German frontier guards and their officers. Control commissions sell exemptions from requisition to businessmen and manufacturers. Exit permits and the release of prisoners can be purchased from the Gestapo.

An American, who had made a difficult living in Paris for the past ten years as a commodities broker, has been employed by the Germans to carry out black bourse operations for their account. Provided with a permanent *ausweis* allowing him to travel in both halves of France as he pleases, he transports securities and currency to Marseille and arranges for their delivery to Spain or Portugal. In return for this work, he is permitted to carry on many profitable bootleg operations of his own. This American is one of 30 or 40 specialists, most of them French, who are engaged in this work. They are the elite of the new racketeers. The small fry traffic in gasoline,

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Stuffy-head season is here! Get help! As a Luden's melts in your mouth it releases penetrating menthol which your breath carries to clogged-up nasal passages—helps relieve "clothespin nose."



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tobacco, food and the passage of individuals from one zone to another.

After a year of uncertainty, fear, suspicion and confusion, the French live in a moral depression which is reflected in every aspect of their daily life. They are nervous and irritable, given to long, pointless discussions. They are drinking heavily, partly because their diet is as a whole deficient, but mostly from sheer ennui and general dissatisfaction. Recently *Le Temps* devoted one of its editorials to an attack on the increase in alcoholism since the defeat. Food, when not lacking, is generally badly cooked, partly because the accessory fats and butter and flavorings are lacking, but also because the cooks themselves have lost interest. Yet the whole population is obsessed with the problem of food, and hunts for and eats each meal as though it expected it to be the last.

In a nation dedicated to a newer and higher morality by its National Revolution, the brothels and "one-eyed" hotels are busier than ever before. Divorce is strictly limited, though not entirely forbidden, but more French men and women have left their partners than ever before. Robberies with violence have increased, as have thefts by employees and servants. This is presumably due to economic pressure, but also to hopelessness and the feeling that nothing matters any more.

Yet hope itself has not entirely vanished. Every night the radio brings some word from outside Hitler's Europe. Every day some Frenchman expresses his personal revolt against his conquerors at Paris or in Vichy. The smallest rumor of a British success or the possibility of American intervention in the war spreads rapidly to every city and town.

Just before leaving France I talked with the leader of the active De Gaulle sympathizers inside the country. It had taken me three weeks to arrange the meeting, for he is a hunted man, and suspicious of foreigners.

"Tell our friends in America and England that there is not a quarter of an hour to lose," he said. "Today in this city I can mobilize 28,000 men to seize the airports and the communications. If there were news of an outstanding Allied victory tomorrow in Libya or anywhere else, the number could be doubled. If there are more defeats, the number will be halved, not because these men don't believe in the cause, but simply because they don't mean to commit suicide. The French are only human. They want to feel they have a chance."

This man has been an officer in both this war and the last one. He professed to have no politics except a desire to see his country free. At the end of our talk, he fixed me with cold eyes and said: "We have confidence in the victory of the Allies. We know that one day the Germans will have to leave, and on that day, whatever the peace may be, we will begin to settle accounts. Today we have a list of nearly 3,000 traitors. By the time our chance comes, the list may be 10,000, or 20,000. But every one of them will have twelve bullets in his skin. When that job is done we will leave it to others to settle the future of the world, for we will have done the first and best thing for France. *A bas la trahison! Vive la France!*"



"Death to the Doryphores" is slogan of schoolchildren off for potato-bug catching. In France "doryphores" is nickname for food-grabbing Germans, who love potatoes.

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"Daddy, what a 'hee-yoo-timous' color!"

These rich brown Wembley Nor-East Ties will become *yours*—when you see how they become *you*. Ask for them at your favorite dealer's. (Wembley Nor-East Ties are now sold in 10,000 of the nation's finest stores.)

Look well, Sir, for that Wembley label

Then you're sure of a tie that looks well for a long, long time. Nor-East is the *original* Non-Crush tie fabric—amazingly wrinkle-resistant. Keeps on tying crisply, smartly, smoothly—keeps all its good looks for you.

"Nut-Brown" is one of 42 popular solid colors in Wembley Nor-East Ties. Free folder shows you actual colors. Write for it.

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Crush it!



Twist it!



Knot it!



Not a wrinkle!



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Life Goes to a Party



Relaxed on the grass, these listeners soak up sunshine and music at the same time. They pay \$1.50 admission. Below: Koussevitzky has tea with the student-conduc-

tors at his lullaby home. These are the young Americans who, he believes, will soon develop into orchestral leaders as accomplished as any that Europe could provide.



The fan-shaped Music Shed, designed by famed Finnish Architect Eliel Saarinen, is acoustically so perfect that an orchestral pianissimo can be

Life Goes to the Thousands of Americans find new

Troubled peoples have always turned for solace to the church and to music, the art form most closely related to religion. Significant therefore in the U. S. today is the ever-increasing popularity of summer music performed outdoors. To natural concert halls scattered over the country (New York's Lewisohn Stadium, Chicago's Ravinia Park, Hollywood's Bowl, Cincinnati's Summer Opera, Denver's Red Rocks, Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell) swarm Americans who in more carefree times thought of relaxation in terms of amusement parks and beach clubs. Not only to the cultured and well-to-do but to all who can hitchhike, bus-ride or tramp their way, these centers of aesthetic pleasure have become part of emotional survival.

Foremost summer musical event is the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, which in the last eight years has grown from an experiment in a tent to Salzburg's heir-apparent. It now has a \$90,000 Music Shed between Lenox and Stockbridge, Mass., on the beautiful green acres of the Tanglewood estate where Hawthorne lived and worked.

There, in a quiet bowl of land surrounded by blue hills sloping to a polished silver lake, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its dynamic conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, annually send waves of symphonic sound to melt among the ancient pines. Filling the Shed to its 6,000 capacity and overflowing in multi-



An advanced student of the viola takes to the fields with his instrument for undisturbed practice. Right: under the stately aisle of white pines



heard 500 ft. away. For the students Saarinen also designed a Chamber Music Hall and a Theater Concert Hall, which were completed this year.

Berkshire Festival

peace and joy in outdoor music

tudes on the smooth lawns around it, the church-silent audiences—which this year reached a record total of 13,000 at a single concert—seem to breathe with the music.

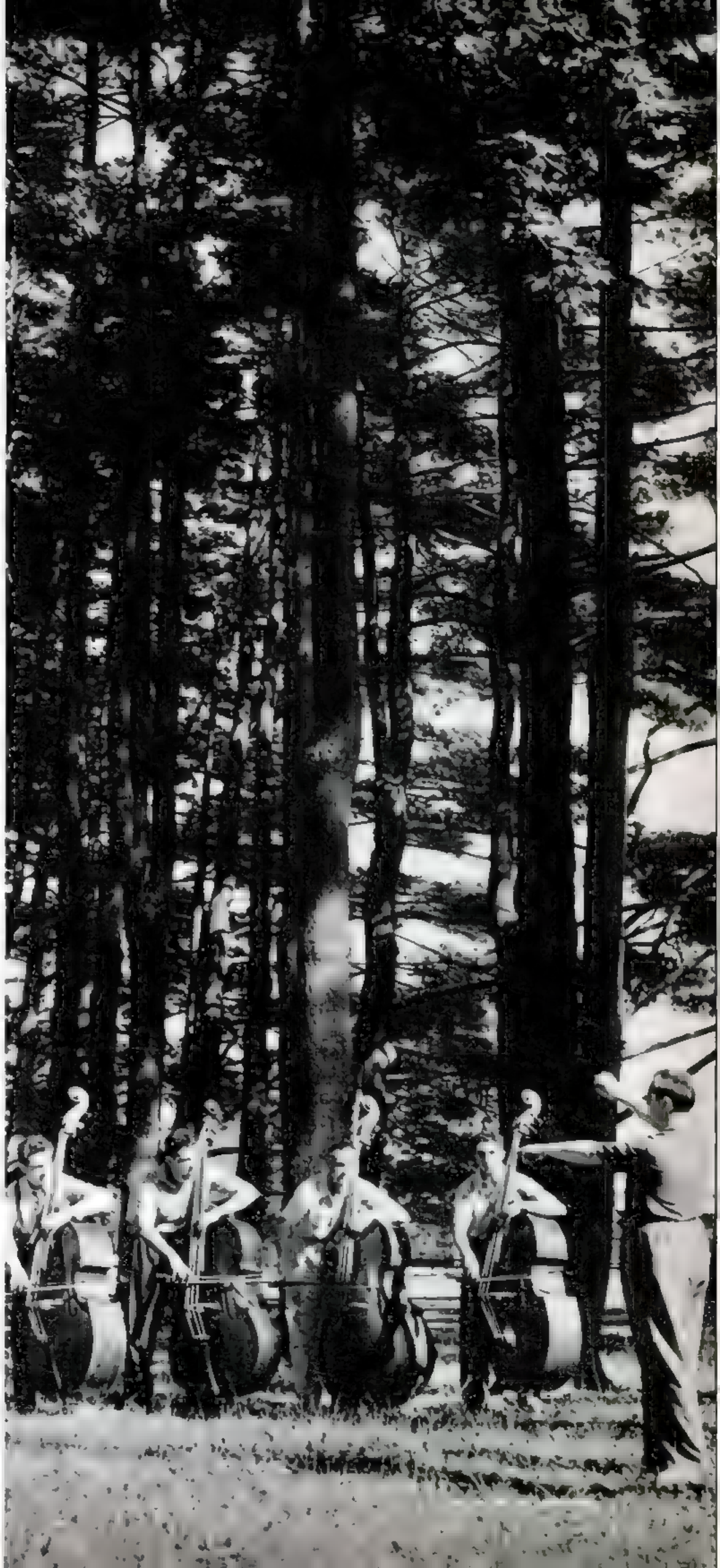
They come from cities and suburbs and villages, from resort hotels and tourist camps and farmhouses. Those who cannot afford seats or who prefer the open air sprawl on blankets in the grass. They bring picnic meals and their children, take off their shoes, sit linked in close couples under the trees.

Inside the Shed, the small but intense figure of Koussevitzky hovers over his orchestra like a presiding spirit. Though to many of his listeners (*see upper left*) he is invisible during the concerts, he nevertheless becomes to them a symbol of the peaceful joy which they find at Tanglewood.

"Kousse," as he is affectionately called by his students and colleagues, is also the moving spirit of the associated Music Center, a super-school for advanced musicians which was started last year, fulfilling a long-time dream of the great conductor. The Center puts 340 hand-picked students through a stiff six-week course, definitely establishes Tanglewood as a fountainhead of U. S. music. The primary object of the school, says Koussevitzky, is "to train young musicians both as performers and as composers that they may be at one and the same time givers and receivers, administering the sacrament of sound."



known as Hawthorne Row, members of the student orchestra rehearse under the direction of Georges Moleux, first double bass of the B. S. O.





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*It's **Latakia** (pronounced La-tak-ee-ah), a rare, flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now blended with other choice Old Gold tobaccos, it creates a delightful new cigarette taste! And Old Gold's store of Latakia in America assures this new smoking enjoyment for years!



"Never tire of the flavor"—Miss Charlotte Mantel, fashion artist New York. "I can't imagine anything more satisfactory than these New Old Golds."



"Triumph of cigarette-maker's art," Mr. William B. Powell, well-known travel writer, says. "Latakia in Old Gold adds a new flavor. Here—a different, more interesting cigarette."



Berkshire Festival (continued)

A CONDUCTOR'S FACE IS A CALL TO MUSIC

With compelling gestures, Serge Koussevitzky leads his orchestra through a rehearsal of the immortal passages of Beethoven's *Frodo*. As the music swells, his hands slash the air, his mouth silently implores the instruments to give up their very souls, his whole face calls for more, still more ardor.



A LISTENER'S FACE IS AN ANSWER TO MUSIC

Professor Hugo Burghauser, one-time president of the Vienna Philharmonic Society, listens to the *Erna*. A skilled musician and a skilled listener, his face reflects the music's changing moods. Not all concertgoers look so absorbed, some close their eyes, some smile, some are completely blank.



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The sustained high speeds which are possible on these modern highways impose strains not normally encountered. Gas and oil consumption goes up by leaps and bounds. High operating temperatures oftentimes cause pre-ignition—that sudden, annoying loss of power with rough engine operation which shows that your spark plugs either haven't the proper heat range or have been thrown out of it by compression leakage through the spark plugs.

Champion's patented "Sillment seal" holds each spark plug rigidly within its assigned heat range, thus giving Champions the widest possible operating range. Insist on Champions for best performance, with greatest economy.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

WORLD WAR REQUIEM

Sirs:

The man with the shovel in the photograph below is Lieutenant Eddie Rickenbacker. The photos show the last resting place of Captain Hamilton Coolidge, Commanding Officer of the 94th Aero Squadron. Killed in action over Grandpré in the Argonne in 1918, Captain Coolidge fell in No Man's Land. The Pursuit Group for which I was unofficial photographer requested permission of the

German command to give him Christian burial. Lieutenant Rickenbacker and a small party proceeded to the scene under a flag of truce to render the last rites. I do not think a more dramatic or touching photograph of World War I exists than this one of America's Ace of Aces personally burying his commanding officer and buddy. The other officer is Lieutenant Alden B. Rberry.

ELGENE BRANSHAW
Houston, Texas



MAIN STREET OF PODUNK

Sirs:


To many thousands of U. S. citizens, "Podunk" is not a name. It is a symbol for the stickiest of the sticks. Perhaps you would like to know that there actually is such a town. It is located approximately

10 miles northwest of Ithaca, N. Y., and below is a photograph of its Main Street. Main Street runs due west from where I was standing when I snapped this picture. I learned later that the scene typifies the busiest rush of the day for Podunk.

DR. ELLIS E. PIERCE
Ithaca, N. Y.



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DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MONKEY MASCOT

Sirs:

After the South African Medical Corps had seen nothing for months but wastes of sand, the campaigners' idea of Paradise was to plunge into the cool Mediterranean. The feeling was shared by their spider monkey mascot, Private Whisky. These pictures show Private Whisky watching the men shake the dust from their clothes, perching on the hat of his keeper and riding through the surf on the keeper's head.

T. WISHFORDE-BROWNE
Tobrukh, Libya




"OUR HOME HANDYMAN IS TEACHER'S PET!"

Texcel, the time-saving, improved Cellophane tape, is fast getting to be America's busiest handyman for mending and sealing jobs at home, at school, in the office! Transparent—you can read print through it! Easy to apply—rips off with one quick motion when you want it to! Buy Texcel in 10¢ rolls, or in the special double-duty dispenser rolls, 15¢ and 25¢, that help you clip off just the amount of tape you need either before or after applying!

Back to school? Keep a handy Texcel dispenser roll always in your desk...for mending torn pages...for fastening dust covers on your textbooks...for putting labels on books, brief case, lunch box, or locker...for fastening drawing-paper to easel!



Moving? Use Texcel...for fastening boxes, bags and packages for storage...for making the tops of jars and bottles stay on...for closing grocery cartons for the trip...for fixing labels on boxes, crates and barrels!

House-cleaning? Use Texcel...for dustproofing and safeguarding your summer draperies, rugs and slipcovers, seal the bundles with Texcel before storing; don't forget Texcel's an instant mender, too, for lampshades, shower-curtains, wallpaper! Your job will be neat, for Texcel's transparent, and practically invisible!



Preserving? Use Texcel...for sealing glasses, jars, bottles...for putting labels on the glasses! You'll find your preserve shelf never looked so trim, your jars never so professional, as when tailored with Texcel!

Look for this **TEXCEL** display at your favorite store



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CUTE NUMBERS are liable to mob you when you step out with a Barbasol Face—they go for the guy with that smoother, softer, "let-me-caress-it" face. Remember panzer tactics get you no place, if you attack with a bristly beard and coarse skin so often caused by old-fashioned shaving methods.

TAKE YOUR PICK of the gals. That's your privilege when you shave with Barbasol—it's so doggone quick and easy you're out ahead of the mob! "No brush, no lather, no rub-in. Just wet your razor then begin..."

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, MARINES: Barbasol's your shave. No fuss, no muss, easy to pack, takes less room. Wonderful results with cold water or hot, fresh or salt. Step up to your Post Exchange or your Ship's Store and ask for that big Barbasol value. You'll like it. Tubes, 25¢ and 50¢—jars, 75¢.



BARBASOL BLADES
5 FOR 10¢—15 FOR 25¢

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SCARED CAT

Sirs:

A determined bulldog and an impetuous cat named Rex caused a lot of activity in this New York City back yard. First the dog chased the cat up the pole. Then Rex discovered that he couldn't climb down the pole from the four-story height as easily as he had scampered up. So in


moved the S. P. C. A. man with stick, noose and basket. Rex objected strenuously when the noose settled about his neck, but was rescued in spite of his yowls. I stood on the fire escape in an adjoining building to photograph the scene just before they hauled Rex to safety.

HY PESKIN

New York, N. Y.



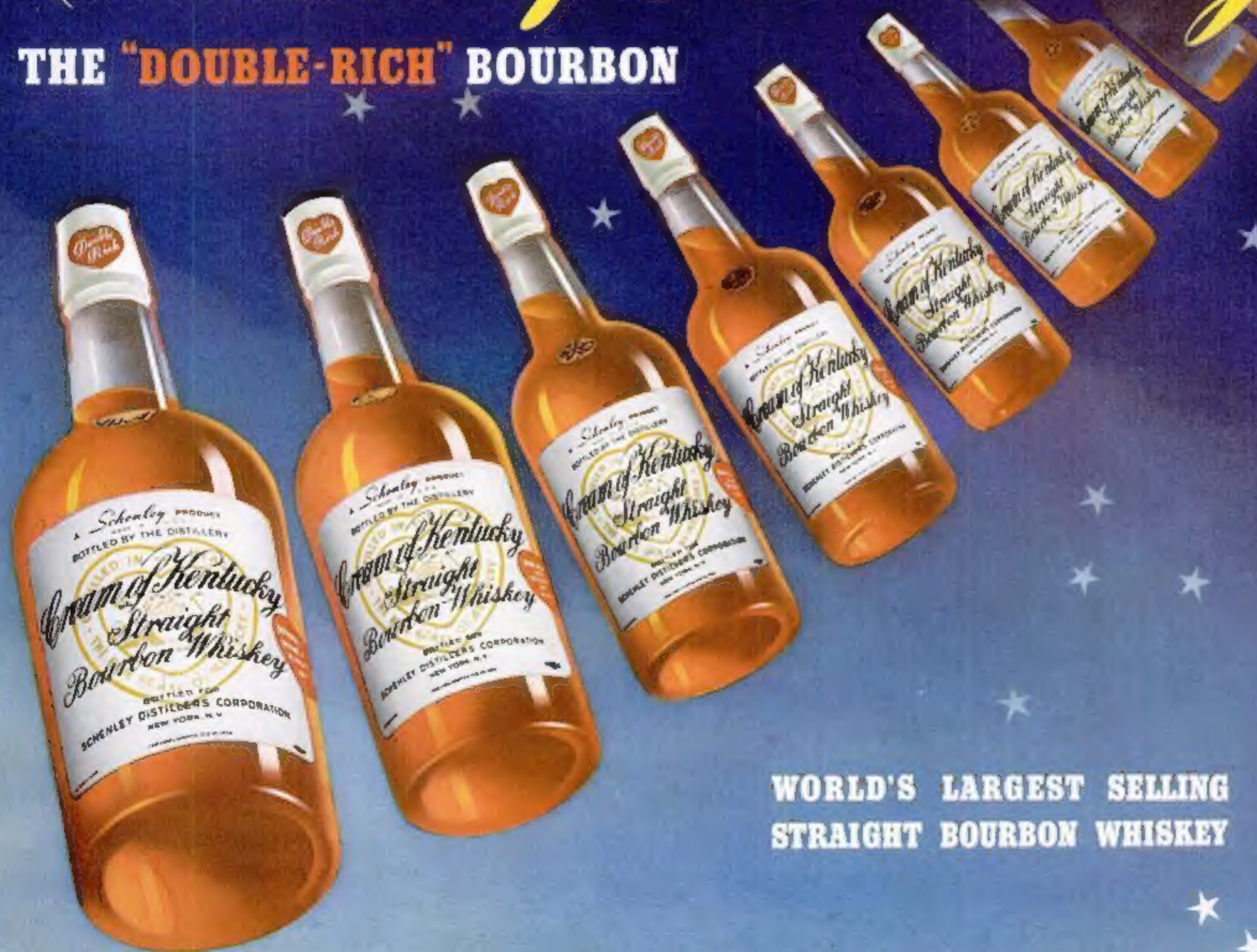
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Love coverlet and ensemble from Emma Reeloff, Inc. Photo by Hovington-Hanna

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